

INSIDE

JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA AN 8-PAGE STORY-CUM-ACTIVITY PULLOUT



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# CHANDAMAMA



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Page 14  
for  
Down the  
Ages - 2



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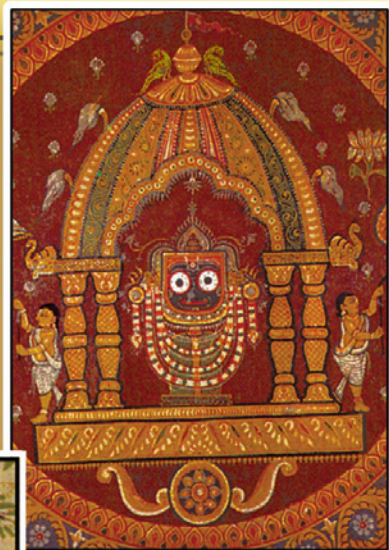
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Heritage of Orissa - 3

## THE ART UNIQUE – PATTACHITRA OF ORISSA



Touch Orissa to Feel India



The supreme deity of ancient Kalinga or Utkal - the State known today as Orissa - is Sri Jagannath. He is unique in many respects. He is there with his elder brother Balabhadra and younger sister Subhadra. If this combination is unusual, several rituals performed for these deities are equally unusual.

Some of the rituals would suggest that Sri Jagannath was quite human in many respects. He even suffered from fever like a human being. During the dark fortnight of the month of *Ashadh* (a major part of June) the deities are kept hidden from the public view. They are given a thorough bath and as a result they suffer from cold! The fact is, since the colour on the wooden figures has faded because of the bath, hereditary artists were at work to restore the faded splendour, behind a curtain.



Sometime in the past these artists, closely familiar with the figures of the deities, drew them on canvas. By and by they drew a few other mythological themes also on canvas -

called *Patta*. Cotton fabric is treated with chalk, tamarind seed, starch and glue. It becomes hard while remaining pliable. Pictures (*Chitra*) drawn on them look very attractive and they last long. They are called

*Pattachitra*.

Artists devoted to this special kind of art live in villages not far from the temple city of Puri. They are Raghurajpur and Dandasahi. Most of the activities in these villages centre around this art practised by almost all the families.

*Pattachitra* is appreciated by art-lovers all over the world.

#### Questions:

1. In which town of Orissa is the temple to Sri Jagannath located?  
.....
2. What is the festival that is popularly associated with this deity?  
.....
3. Name the king, who built the majestic temple.  
.....

Only children upto 14 years can participate. Write your answers legibly in the blank space provided, fill in the coupon below and send the entry before February 28, 2003 to :

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**15**  
**Ranji's**  
**Wonderful Bat**  
(From the pen of  
Ruskin Bond)



**9**  
**The Irresponsible Princess**  
(New tales of  
King Vikram  
and the Vetala)



**20**  
**Escape!**  
(A folktale from  
Arunachal Pradesh)



**24**  
**The Indestructible**  
**Giant**  
(Legends of India)



**44**  
**Story of**  
**Ganesa**



**56**  
**The Audacious**  
**Daylight**  
**Robbery**



## CONTENTS

- ★ How the Hills Rose  
(An Australian aboriginal story) ...12
- ★ Scaling the Fort (Down the ages) ...14
- ★ Indiascope ...19
- ★ The Wonder Berry (NBSAaaaanP's tales) ...26
- ★ Treat Friend as Brother  
(When they were young) ...28
- ★ Remembering the Mother ...29
- ★ Laugh Till You Drop (Humour) ...30
- ★ Garuda the Invincible (Comics) ...39
- ★ Vasudha ...42
- ★ News Flash ...43
- ★ ABC of Science ...46
- ★ Puzzle Dazzle ...48
- ★ The Forbidden Door  
(Arabian Nights-Comics) ...50
- ★ Bhitarkanika  
(Little known places of India) ...53
- ★ Fun Times ...54
- ★ The Greedy Potseller  
(Jataka Tales - Comics) ...58
- ★ On to World Cup (Sports feature) ...60
- ★ Mail-Bag ...64
- ★ Photo Caption Contest ...66

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## Rivers of India

### Their glorious past, bitter present, and bright future

Being a vast country, India is blessed with hundreds of rivers. In a sense they are the link between the past and the present. Their history tells us how cities grew up and civilizations flourished along their banks. They were also great means of communication: boats plied on them for trade, travel, and pilgrimage.

As in the days of yore, the rivers continue to meet our demands for water for drinking and cultivation. This was easy, as they received plenty of water during the monsoons. Unfortunately, the situation changed. We began to destroy forests. As is well known, it is the forests that invites the rains. The felling of trees in the hilly regions also resulted in the rocky soil getting loose and flowing into the river, making the level of the riverbed high, resulting in floods.

As there was less and less water in the rivers, we the people of different States of India, dependent on the common rivers, began quarrelling and fighting amongst ourselves on the issue of sharing of water. This is as unfortunate as destruction of trees and hills.

There is now a proposal to link the major rivers of India. This is a huge project. Several channels and dams have to be made to make such a wonderful network. The possibility of linking some 30 rivers in the near future is being examined. This is a welcome move. After all, all the wealth of the people are the gifts of nature. Water, like sunlight and air, is meant for all. It is time we realized this. India is a vast country, and people follow different faiths, speak different languages, and live different cultures. Nevertheless, we have always experienced a unity in this diversity. What binds us is a spirit of nationalism. We must let this spirit prevail in our attitude and conduct towards one another.

*Founded by*  
B. Nagi Reddi  
Chakrapani

*Editor*  
Viswam

*Editorial Advisors*

Ruskin Bond,  
Manoj Das

*Consultant Editor*  
K.Ramakrishnan

## Words of Wisdom

### Something more, but what?

Do more than exist, live.

Do more than hear, listen.

Do more than touch, feel.

Do more than listen, understand.

Do more than look, observe.

Do more than think, understand.

Do more than read, absorb.

Do more than talk, say something.

- John H. Rhoades

Visit us at : <http://www.chandamama.org>



Enter the Heroes of India Quiz and win fabulous prizes

# Heroes of India - 17

Our country is full of sports heroes.  
Here are some of them. Do you know  
them?

Three  
all correct entries  
will receive bicycles  
as awards.\*



**1** I won the gold medal in men's individual golf in the Asian Games at Busan in 2002. Do you know my name?

**2** I'm an ace shooter and an Arjuna awardee. In the Commonwealth Games 2002, I created a new record. Who am I?

**3** Recently, I was selected 'Wisden Indian cricketer of the century'. Know me?

**4** I'm a Padmashri. I run a tennis-coaching academy in Chennai. Apart from giving commentaries, I'm into TV serials and films. What is my name?

**5** I'm the first Indian to participate in a Formula 3 car rally championship. I've been called the fastest Indian in the world. Know my name?

Fill in the blanks next to each question legibly. Which of these five is your favourite hero and why? Write 10 words on **My favourite sports hero is**

.....

.....

Name of participant:.....

.....Age:.....Class:.....

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Signature of participant:.....

Signature of parent:.....

Please tear off this page and mail it to

**Heroes of India Quiz-17**

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On/before **March 5, 2003.**

## Instructions

1. The contest is open to children in the age group 8-14 years.
2. \*Three winners will be selected for this contest from entries in all the language editions. **Winners will receive bicycles of appropriate size.** If there are more than one all correct entries, winners will be selected on the basis of the best description of **My favourite hero.**
3. The judges' decision will be final.
4. No correspondence will be entertained in this regard.
5. The winners will be intimated by post.

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to you by





## The irresponsible princess

**K**ing Vikram relentlessly scrunched up the rugged stony path that led to the gnarled tree that was the home of the Vetala. He slashed off the rope that tied the corpse to the tree and dragged it on to his shoulder. As they walked away from the tree, the Vetala laughed and said,

“What flights of fancy are you entertaining, O King? Are you like Princess Mallika who only wished to live in a world of fantasy? Like Mallika, you might also one day learn that this strange quest of yours is just a whimsey. Let me tell you Mallika’s story so that you understand what I mean.” The Vetala then narrated the following story:

Princess Mallika was the dreamy daughter of King Indraneel of Bhavnagar. She was his only child and so, the heir to the throne. But Mallika refused to learn the skills necessary for a ruler: decision-making, economics, judging disputes, war tactics.

Whenever Indraneel remarked that it was time she succeeded him to the throne, she shrugged him off. “Ruling a kingdom is hard work,” she said. “Why don’t you just hand over the kingdom to a young man of your choice and leave me in peace?” On hearing this, the king would be dejected.

Mallika lived in a world of fantasy. When she was young, Indraneel had told her many stories of demons and magicians and ghosts. So she had developed a taste for the magical and the fantastic. Even after she grew up, she continued to listen to and read only fantasy stories all day long. She believed that these stories were real, that there did exist ghosts, talismans, wish-fulfilling genies, ugly demons, and wicked sorcerers!

Her mother, Queen Swarnarekha, tried her best to dispel these fancies of her daughter, but in vain.



Sankar





One day, after the umpteenth lecture from her persistent father, the princess said, “All right, father. I shall take over the reins of the kingdom as you say – but on three conditions.”

The king was so relieved that he agreed to meet her conditions.

Mallika explained: “In the old temple in the Taalvan forest is a magic drum. When one beats it, ten wonder workers would appear and do whatever one says. I want that drum!” The king’s jaw dropped.

The princess continued, “Secondly, I want the magic talisman that lies in a cave in the mountains that form our western boundary. They say that one who wears it will not know defeat!”

“And finally,” said the princess. “Bring me the wonderful parrot which lives on the banks of River Maitri. People say that it can bring forth gold coins on demand.”

The king went away, head bowed. But when she came to hear of it, Queen Swarnarekha told him, “This is a good opportunity to cure her of this kind of madness. You must think of a way to meet her conditions!”

A few days passed. Then one day, the king called

his daughter to his chamber with a message that he had gathered the three things she had asked for. Mallika was thrilled and she rushed to his chambers. On a couch of silk and satin in the room lay a drum, a talisman, and a parrot in a cage.

“Here they are!” said the king, smiling. Mallika went to the drum and banged on it. Immediately ten men streamed into the room. “The wonder workers!” explained Indraneel. “Set them a task!”

The dazed princess told them to build her a beautiful palace in just ten days! The men bowed and ran out. Then Mallika looked at the parrot and said, “Give me a bag of gold coins.” Immediately a silken purse came sailing through the window and fell at her feet. She ran to the window, but there was no one outside.

Mallika was impressed. She now took the talisman and tied it on her arm, murmuring, “I feel stronger already!”

“I’m now ready for the throne,” she told her father. “These three magic things will help me to rule the kingdom.” The king immediately announced his intention to crown her and himself retire.

Soon Princess Mallika became the ruler of the land. But she was not allowed to rule in peace. King Sudhindra of Sravasti, a neighbouring kingdom, decided to mount an attack on Bhavnagar. ‘What can a newly crowned ruler do, especially a woman, and that too, one known to be whimsical and fanciful?’ he thought.

When news of the attacking enemy reached Bhavnagar, Mallika’s ministers advised that she should invite King Sudhindra for negotiations. Bhavnagar was not ready for war just then, they felt. They knew that Mallika was too inexperienced to handle war. Besides, she was too fanciful and imperious to take their counsel on the battlefield.

But Mallika rejected their plea. “I shall lead the army to the battlefield,” she said. “With my magic talisman, I can’t lose!” Her ministers and commanders were stunned.

However, Mallika was in for a rude shock. Her army was badly defeated. Mallika was captured. She was rattled. ‘How did the talisman fail?’ she wondered as she was taken to King Sudhindra’s presence.

When he saw her shocked and humiliated face, the king felt sorry. “You can go back to your kingdom and



rule,” he said and added: “Provided within three months you will pay me two lakh gold coins as tribute! If you fail, you forfeit your kingdom to me!”

The princess returned to Bhavnagar. She told her parents, “I shall arrange for the gold easily. The magic parrot will get it for me.” Her father kept silent.

But when the princess demanded for two lakh gold coins, not one coin appeared. The parrot only looked at her unblinkingly. ‘This parrot is as much a fake as that talisman,’ she thought bitterly. ‘My father has cheated me!’

Then Mallika turned to the big drum. ‘I saw those wonder workers with my own eyes. Surely they were not fakes!’ She banged on the drum, but no one appeared.

In panic, Mallika summoned her treasurers and ministers. They confirmed that the treasury would not be able to meet the demand. Nor could they rustle up two lakh gold coins in three months.

Mallika then decided to place the problem in front of the people. She undertook a tour of her kingdom, explaining her position to the people. “Please pardon me for my foolishness which is the root cause of this problem. But if you help me pay off King Sudhindra, I promise to take care of your interests all my life. We must somehow save our country!” she told her subjects. The people warmed up to their princess. The rich gave gold liberally, and the poor donated family jewels or money.

Within three months, the coffers were full. Nearly twice the amount of tribute had been collected. The tribute

was duly paid. That day Mallika ordered that the parrot be released and the magic drum thrown away. Then she went to her parents and fell at their feet. “Bless me that I might carry out my duties to our kingdom properly!” she said.

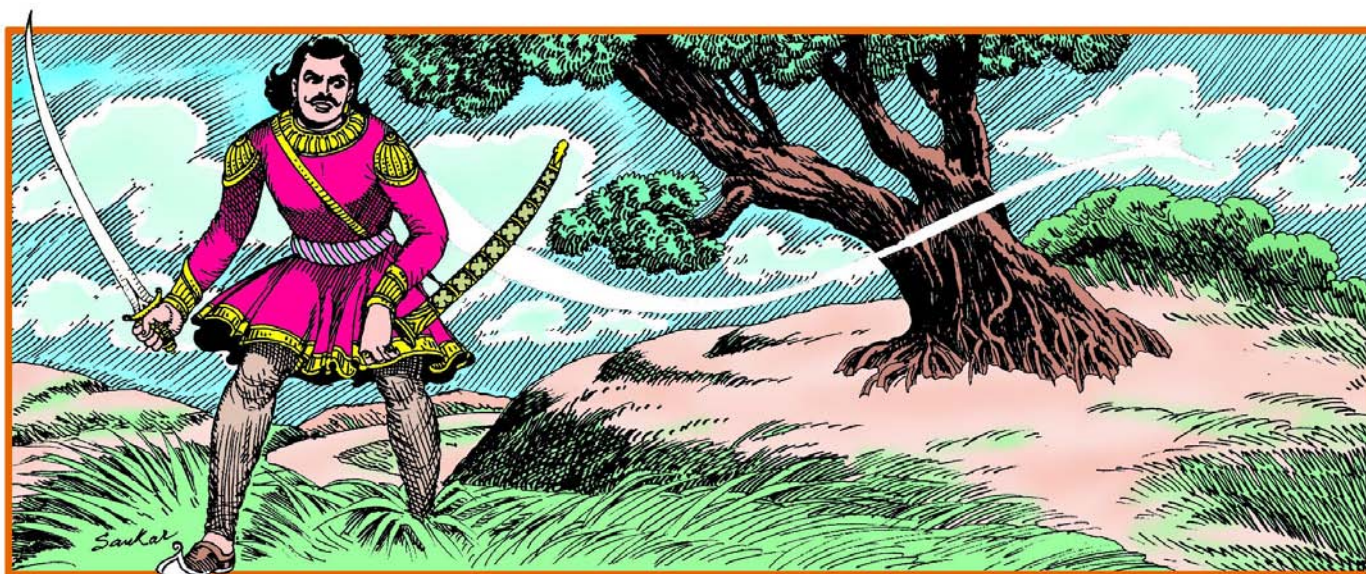
The Vetala paused and asked: “Why did the magic drum, parrot and talisman let down the princess at a crucial time? Had Mallika’s father really cheated her as she suspected? If so, why was she not upset about it? If you know the answers and still keep quiet, your head will shatter into a thousand pieces!”

Pat came the reply from Vikram. “There was nothing magical about the drum, talisman or the parrot. Mallika’s parents had intended to teach her a lesson. And so they had fabricated the magic that the things performed in the first instance. Even when Mallika was risking her life going to battle, her father did not stop her, for he knew that some people had to learn their lessons the hard way.

“Mallika must have been hurt when the magic failed at a crucial moment, but she had no time to get upset. She had to solve her problem within the time stipulated. She tackled her problem in a very practical and intelligent way. And once she succeeded, she realized that magic could not substitute for sincerity, hard work, and honesty. That is why she was not too upset about it. She had outgrown the fascination for fantasy at last!”

No sooner had King Vikram finished answering than the Vetala slipped away from him and glided back to the tree.

*- By Sumathi Sudhakar*





# HOW THE HILLS ROSE

**T**he hills and mountains of Australia would like to tell you a story. A strange story it is, the story of how they came to be. Every hill of this great continent resounds with this story even today. And every aboriginal knows it. Now you, too, will know it.

Long ago, say the hills, Australia was a flat continent. No mountains, no hills. In a corner of the plain country there lived two friends. One was a buck called Mandya and the other was a kangaroo called Urdlu. They had been friends from childhood.

When they grew up and their parents sent them into the big world to fend for themselves, Urdlu and Mandya decided to stay together and face life. At first they enjoyed their newfound freedom. It was exciting to search for one's own food. Everything tasted so much better, when one found it oneself!

But soon they grew tired of seeking food and digging for roots every time they felt hungry. Sometimes they could not find any food. They were learning that life was tough, you see! They were growing up.

One day, Urdlu told Mandya: "I shall look for roots down here, while you must choose some other spot to dig. We can share whatever we find. Why should we both waste our time and efforts digging in the same spot?" Mandya thought this was a sensible idea and he went away to a spot further off, and began digging.

Urdlu found a lot of roots of many different kinds, fleshy and juicy. He was overjoyed. 'Ah, now I shan't go hungry at all. There's enough food here to last me for months!' And then he stopped short. 'Oh, but

if Mandya doesn't find food, I might have to share mine with him. But then it wouldn't last long if two of us feed on it. And then I would have to dig, dig, dig again!' An evil idea now came to him. 'No, I shall not tell Mandya about these roots. I shall keep them a secret and come here whenever I'm hungry.'

Mandya did not find too many roots. He ate whatever he found and joined Urdlu at the cave where they usually slept. Urdlu looked fine and sprightly. But he said, "I too found very few roots today, Mandya. I'm still quite hungry."

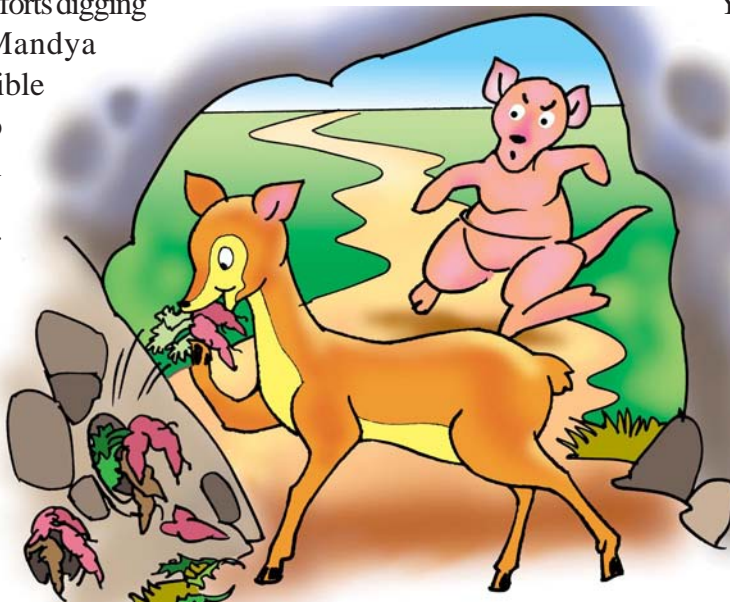
Every day Mandya would go to different places to dig out roots while Urdlu went back to his secret spots and ate to his tummy's content. So Urdlu grew fatter and fatter, while poor Mandya grew thinner by the day.

Mandya began to suspect that Urdlu was lying to him. He confronted him one day and said, "We had promised to share whatever food we found. I never find enough but you always seem to have a stomachful, and yet say that you have not eaten well. Please remember your promise and spare some food for me!"

Urdlu pulled out a couple of roots that he had in his pouch and gave them to Mandya. "Here, this is all I have. You may eat them," he said.

Mandya was surprised to taste the roots. "These are the best roots I've tasted so far. Where did you find them?" he asked. But Urdlu just waved his foreleg vaguely at the horizon and said, "Over there."

The next morning, Urdlu woke up feeling very thirsty. He went off in search of water. As soon as he had left,







“Go away from here and search for your own food, you thief,” shouted Urdlu.

“I shan’t!” yelled back Mandya. “I shall eat my fill and only then would I move on!” said Mandya digging in his heels and going at the roots with a vengeance.

This made Urdlu really angry. He jumped on the buck’s back and both went down, fighting and rolling. Both of them fought so viciously that they hurt each other, and they let go only when both were too tired to fight any longer.

Urdlu settled down to lick his body clean. Wounded in body and spirit, Mandya scampered away till he was far far away across the rolling plains. When he settled down to sleep, he found he just could not close his eyes because his hip hurt him very badly. He turned to look at it and found a sharp little stone sticking to his hip. Perhaps it had got stuck to his wound, when he was fighting.

He stretched himself and pulled out the stone. He blew the dust out of it noisily. “Go and build a barrier between me and that cheat of a kangaroo!” he said, blowing with all his might. And lo! The dust flew out of the little stone and formed a hill range. That was Australia’s first range of hills!

“More, more!” yelled Mandya, blowing with frenzy. More ranges folded upwards from the ground with every blow. When Urdlu looked up, he saw range after range of mountains floating into the plains in front of him. ‘Hey! What is the old boy up to?’ he wondered. ‘If he continues to do this, the plains will simply disappear.’ He waved his tail in a big sweep and that pushed back the mountain ranges.

If you go to Australia you can see these hill ranges squashed to the north of Vardna-wartathinha. And down below it are the plains called Urdlurunha-vitana or the kangaroo’s flat where, till today, not a wisp of grass grows!

**- Retold by Sumy**

Mandya got up and began searching for the secret holes in which he suspected Urdlu might have hidden away roots.

He picked up Urdlu’s tracks on the ground and followed them. He came upon some little mounds which looked as if they had been freshly covered. He sniffed at the ground. ‘A distinct smell of juicy roots!’ he cried with a whoop of joy and began digging. Sure enough this was one of the secret holes in which Urdlu hid away the roots he had dug up. Mandya came upon the roots and joyfully sunk his teeth into them. “How juicy these roots are!” he thought.

Just then Urdlu arrived on the scene, hoppity hopping in a hurry. He was hungry and craving for breakfast. What a shock he got to see the buck munching away busily from his secret store of roots. “Hey! What do you think you’re doing?” he barked out sharply. “That’s my hole!”

Mandya was startled to see him, but he was furious with him, too. “You mean creature! Why didn’t you share with me the roots you found? You had promised to do so, you cheat. I’ve been starving for days...” he yelled back.

Three things make you tough and strong:  
sleeping on hairy mattresses,  
breathing cold air, and eating dry food.

**- Welsh proverb**







*Who has not heard of Chattrapati Shivaji? He was responsible for uniting the Maratha people into a strong community, proud of its culture and land. Here is a story that portrays the cleverness and intelligence that made Shivaji a hero.*

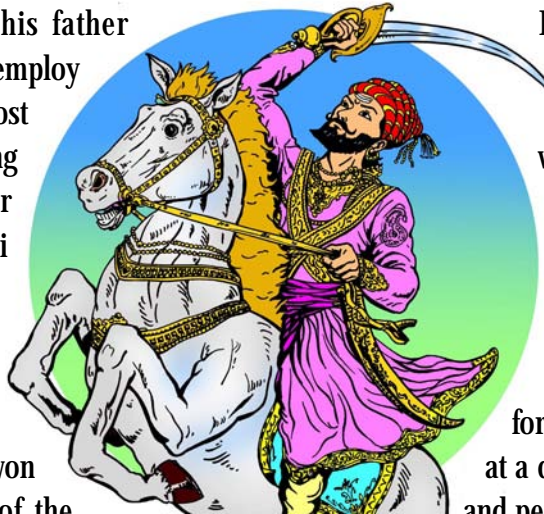
## Scaling the fort

During Shivaji's childhood, his father Shahaji Bhonsle, who was in the employ of the Sultan of Bijapur, spent most of his time away in Poona, leaving his son in the care of his mother Jijabai and teacher Dadaji Khonddev.

By 1646, when he was sixteen, Shivaji had captured the fort of Torna with just a thousand young men. Soon his exploits won the attention of all the youth of the neighbourhood and he had a large following.

By 1662, Shivaji's kingdom covered a wide area. Once, when he was showing his father around his kingdom, Shahaji Bhonsle advised him to shift his capital from Rajgad to a hill called Rairi, located in the midst of the Sahyadris. If a fort were to be built there, he felt no enemy would be able to access and scale it.

Shivaji took the advice. He changed the name of the great hill from Rairi to Raigad and made it his capital.



He built a fort on its top, with many public buildings and a palace. After it was built, Shivaji announced that whoever could ascend the hill and enter the fort by any way other than through the fort gates, would receive a bag of gold coins and a gold bracelet as reward.

Soon a local hill dweller came forward. Shivaji and his retinue stood at a distance from the fort, down the hill, and permitted the man to climb. In minutes the man disappeared from their view and, in a short while, he reappeared on the ramparts of the fort and hoisted a flag there!

Shivaji understood that being a local man, he knew of some path that led to the top of the hill and into the fortified capital! He gave orders for the way to be plugged and a gate to be built where it led into the fort! This gateway, called Chor Darwaza (*Chor* - thief) can be seen even today!

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# Ranji's Wonderful Bat

From the pen of  
Ruskin Bond

**"H**ow's that?" shouted the wicket-keeper, holding the ball up in his gloves.

"How's that?" echoed the slip-fielders.

"How?" growled the fast bowler, glaring at the umpire.

"Out!" said the umpire.

And Suraj, the captain of the school team, was walking slowly back to the pavilion—which was really a tool-shed at the end of the field.

The score stood at 53 for 4 wickets. Another sixty runs were needed for victory, and only one good batsman remained. All the rest were bowlers who could not be expected to make many runs.

It was Ranji's turn to bat.

He was the youngest member of the team, only eleven, but sturdy and full of pluck. As he walked briskly to the wicket, his unruly black hair was blown about by a cool breeze that came down from the hills.

Ranji had a good eye and strong wrists, and had made lots of runs in some of the minor matches. But in the last two inter-schools games, his scores had been poor, the highest being 12 runs. Now he was determined to make enough runs to take his side to victory.

Ranji took his guard and prepared to face the bowler. The fielders moved closer, in anticipation of another catch. The tall fast bowler scowled and began his long run. His arm whirled over, and the hard shiny red ball came hurtling towards Ranji.

Ranji was going to lunge forward and play the ball back to the bowler, but at the last moment he

changed his mind and stepped back, intending to push the ball through the ring of fielders on his right or 'off' side. The ball swung in the air, shot off the grass, and came through sharply to strike Ranji on his pads.

"How's that!" screamed the bowler, hopping about like a kangaroo.

"How?" shouted the wicket keeper.

"How?" asked all the fielders.

The umpire slowly raised a finger. "Out," he said. And it was Ranji's turn to walk back to the tool-shed.

The match was won by the visiting team.

"Never mind," said Suraj, patting Ranji on the back. "You'll do better next time. You're out of form just now, that's all."

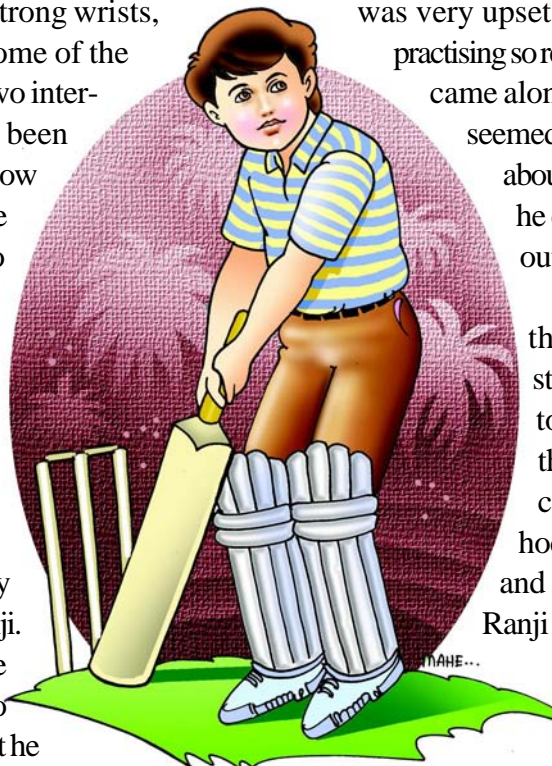
But their cricket coach was sterner.

"You'll have to make more runs in the next game," he told Ranji, "or you'll lose your place in the side!"

Avoiding the other players, Ranji walked slowly homewards, head down, and hands in his pockets. He was very upset. He had been trying so hard and practising so regularly, but when an important game came along, he failed to make a big score. It seemed that there was nothing he could do about it. But he loved playing cricket, and he could not bear the thought of being out of the school team.

On his way home he had to pass the clock tower, where he often stopped at Mr Kumar's Sports Shop, to chat with the owner or look at all the things on the shelves: footballs, cricket balls, badminton rackets, hockey sticks, balls of various shapes and sizes—it was a wonderland where Ranji liked to linger every day.

But this was one day when he didn't feel like stopping. He looked the other way and was about to





cross the road when Mr Kumar's voice stopped him.

"Hello, Ranji! Off in a hurry today? And why are you looking so sad?"

So Ranji had to stop and say *namaste*. He couldn't ignore Mr Kumar, who had been so kind and helpful, always giving him advice on how to bowl in different ways. Mr Kumar had been a state player once, and had scored a century in a match against Tanzania. Now he was too old for first-class cricket, but he liked encouraging young players and he thought Ranji would make a good cricketer.

"What's the trouble?" he asked as Ranji stepped into the shop. "Lost the game today?"

Ranji felt better as soon as he was inside the shop. Because Mr Kumar was so friendly, the sports goods also seemed friendly. The bats and balls and shuttlecocks all seemed to want to be helpful.

"We lost the match," said Ranji.

"Never mind," said Mr Kumar. "Where would we be without losers? There wouldn't be any game without one or the other as losers—no cricket or football or hockey or tennis! No carrom or marbles. No sports shop for me! Anyway, how many runs did you make?"

"None, I made a big round egg."

Mr Kumar rested his hand on Ranji's shoulder. "Never mind. All good players have a bad day now and then."

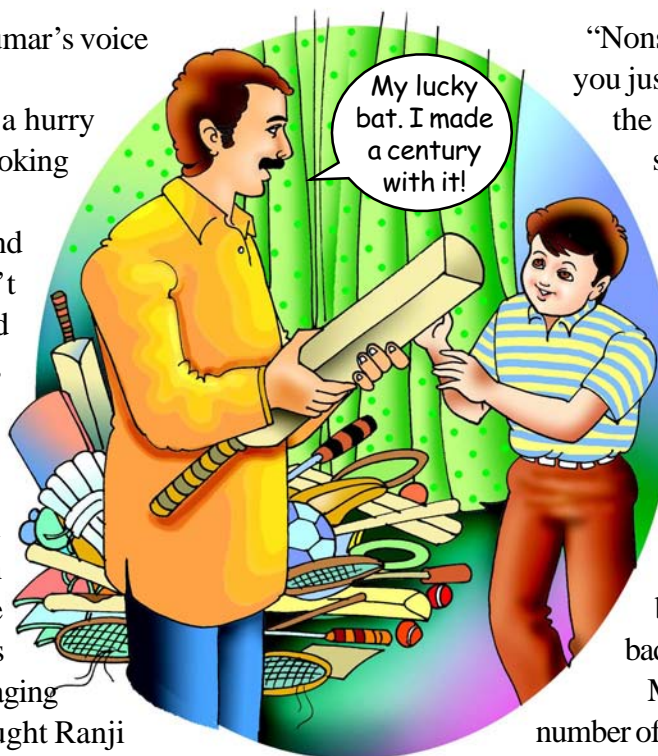
"But I haven't made a good score in my last three matches," said Ranji. "I'll be dropped from the team if I don't do something in the next game."

"Well, we can't have that happening," mused Mr Kumar. "Something will have to be done about it."

"I'm just unlucky," said Ranji.

"Maybe, maybe... but in that case, it's time your luck changed."

"It's too late now," said Ranji.



"Nonsense. It's never too late. Now, you just come with me to the back of the shop and let me see if I can do something about your luck."

Puzzled, Ranji followed Mr Kumar through the curtained partition to the back of the shop. He found himself in a badly-lit room stacked to the ceiling with all kinds of old and second hand sporting goods—torn football bladders, broken bats, rackets without strings, broken darts, and tattered badminton nets.

Mr Kumar began examining a number of old cricket bats, and after a few minutes he said, "Ah!" and picked up one of the bats and held it out to Ranji.

"This is it!" he said. "This is the luckiest of all my old bats. This is the bat I made a century with!" And he gave it a twirl and started hitting an imaginary ball to all corners of the room.

"Of course it's an old bat, but it hasn't lost any of its magic," said Mr Kumar, pausing in his stroke-making to recover his breath. He held it out to Ranji. "Here, take it! I'll lend it to you for the rest of the cricket season. You won't fail with it."

Ranji took the bat and gazed at it with awe.

"Is it really the bat you made a century with?" he asked.

"It is," said Mr Kumar. "And it may get you a hundred runs, too!"

Ranji spent a nervous week waiting for Saturday's match. His school team would be playing a strong side from another town. There was a lot of class work that week, so Ranji did not get much time to practise with the other boys. As he had no brothers or sisters, he asked Koki, the girl next door, to bowl to him in the garden. Koki bowled quite well, but Ranji liked to hit the ball hard—"just to get used to the bat," he told her—and she soon got tired of chasing the ball all over the garden.



At last Saturday arrived, bright and sunny and just right for cricket. Suraj won the toss for the school and took first batting.

The opening batsmen put on 30 runs without being separated. The visiting fast bowlers could not do much. Then the spin bowlers came on, and immediately there was a change in the game. Two wickets fell in one over, and the score was 33 for 2. Suraj made a few quick runs, then he too was out to one of the spinners, caught behind the wicket. The next batsman was clean bowled—46 for 4—and it was Ranji's turn to bat.

He walked slowly to the wicket. The fielders crowded round him. He took guard and prepared for the first ball.

The bowler took a short run and then the ball was twirling towards Ranji, looking as though it would spin away from his bat as he leaned forward into his stroke.

And then a thrill ran through Ranji's arm as he felt the ball meet the springy willow of the bat.

Crack!

The ball hit firmly with the middle of Ranji's bat, streaked past the helpless bowler and sped towards the boundary. Four runs!

The bowler was annoyed, with the result his next ball was a loose full-toss. Ranji swung it to the on-side

boundary for another four.

And that was only the beginning. Now Ranji began to play all the strokes he knew: late cuts and square cuts, straight drives, on drives and off drives. The rival captain tried all his bowlers, fast and spin, but none of them could remove Ranji. Instead, he sent the fielders scampering to all corners of the field.

By lunch break he had scored 40. And twenty minutes after lunch, when Suraj closed the innings, Ranji was not out with 58.

The rival team was bowled out for a poor score, and Ranji's school won the match.

On his way home Ranji stopped at Mr Kumar's shop to give him the good news.

"We won!" he said "And I made 58—my highest score so far. It really is a lucky bat!"

"I told you so," said Mr Kumar, giving Ranji a warm handshake. "There'll be bigger scores yet."

Ranji went home in high spirits. He was so pleased that he stopped at the Jumna Sweet Shop and bought two luddos for Koki. She didn't care much for cricket but she was crazy about luddos.

Mr Kumar was right. It was only the beginning of Ranji's success with the bat. In the next game he scored 40, and was out when he grew careless and allowed himself to be stumped by the wicket-keeper. The game that followed was a two-day match and Ranji, who was now batting at No.3, made 45 runs. He hit a number of boundaries before being caught. In the second innings, when the school team needed only 60 runs for victory, Ranji was batting with 25 when the winning runs were hit.

Everyone was pleased with him—his coach, his captain, Suraj, and Mr Kumar—But no one knew about the lucky bat. That was a secret shared by Ranji and Mr Kumar.

One evening, during an informal game on the maidan, Ranji's friend Bhim slipped while running after the ball, and cut his hand on a sharp stone. Ranji took him to a doctor near the clock tower,





where the wound was washed and bandaged. As it was getting late, he decided to go straight home. Usually he walked, but that evening he caught a bus near the clock tower.

When he got home, his mother brought him a cup of tea, and while he was drinking it, Koki walked in, and the first thing she said was, “Ranji, where’s your bat?”

“Oh, I must have left it on the maidan when Bhim got hurt,” said Ranji, starting up and spilling his tea. “I’d better go and get it now, or it will disappear.”

“You can fetch it tomorrow,” said his mother. “It’s getting dark.”

“I’ll take a torch,” said Ranji. He was worried about the bat. Without it, his luck might desert him. He hadn’t the patience to wait for a bus, and ran all the way to the maidan.

The maidan was deserted, and there was no sign of the bat. And then Ranji remembered that he’d had it with him on the bus, after saying goodbye to Bhim at the clock tower. He must have left it in the bus!

Well, he’d never find it now. The bat was lost for ever. And on Saturday Ranji’s school would be playing their last and most important match of the cricket season against a public-school team from Delhi.

Next day he was at Mr Kumar’s shop, looking very

sorry for himself. “What’s the matter?” asked Mr Kumar.

“I’ve lost the bat,” said Ranji. “Your lucky bat. The one I made all my runs with! I left it in the bus, and the day after tomorrow we are playing the Delhi school, and I’ll be out for a duck, and we’ll lose our chance of being the school champions.”

Mr Kumar looked a little anxious at first; then he smiled and said, “You can still make all the runs you want.”

“But I don’t have the bat any more,” said Ranji.

“Any bat will do,” said Mr Kumar.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean it’s the batsman and not the bat that matters. Shall I tell you something? That old bat I gave you was no different from any other bat I’ve used. True, I made a lot of runs with it, but I’ve made runs with other bats, too. I never depended on a special bat for my runs. A bat has magic only when the batsman has magic! What you needed was confidence, not a bat. And by believing in the bat you got your confidence back!”

“What’s confidence?” asked Ranji. It was a new word for him.

“Con-fi-dence,” said Mr Kumar slowly. “Confidence is to know that you are good.”

“And I can be good without the bat?”

“Of course. You’ve always been good. You’re good now. You’ll be good the day after tomorrow. Remember that. If you remember it, you’ll make the runs.”

On Saturday, Ranji walked on the wicket with a bat borrowed from Bhim. The school team had lost its first wicket with only 2 runs on the board. Ranji went in at this stage. The Delhi school’s opening bowler was sending down some really fast ones. Ranji faced up to him.

The first ball was very fast but it wasn’t on a good length. Quick on his feet, Ranji stepped back and pulled it hard to the on-boundary. The ball soared over the heads of the fielders and landed with a crash in a crate full of cold drink bottles.

A six! Everyone stood up and cheered.

And it was only the beginning of Ranji’s wonderful innings. The match ended in a draw, but Ranji’s 75 was the talk of the school. On his way home, he bought a dozen luddos. Six for Koki and six for Mr Kumar.







# Comb hither

Who says combs are only for keeping the hair clean and prim? Obviously there's more to a comb than meets the hair! The Juangs, a tribe of Orissa, use the comb as a symbol of love in their romance.

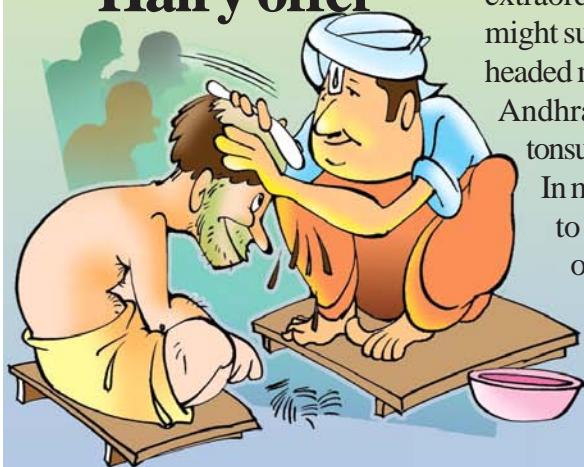
It also plays an important role in their marriage ceremonies. At community festivals, Juang boys offer combs to the girls who partner them in the dances. And if a Juang girl sets her heart on a youth, she might even go to the length of stealing his comb – a subtle way to state her love for him! A Juang groom presents his bride with a comb during the wedding. And guess what she does with it? Comb *his* hair, of course!

## Colourful emperor

Colour, colour, what colour do you choose? The next time you play this game, include Emperor Akbar's favourite colours in your choice. The *Ain-i-Akbari*, a chronicle of his period, mentions the colours that one could find in Akbar's wardrobe. They included the colours of ruby, gold, orange, brass, grass, cotton flower, sandalwood, almond, grape, honey, brownish lilac, apple, hay, pistachio, chinaware blue, mango, and musk. Besides these, he also used crimson, purple, mauve, pink, light blue, violet, and bright pink. A colourful emperor he must have been!



## Hairy offer



Ever been to Tirupati? This temple town presents a strange sight. The extraordinary number of clean-shaven bald headed people in Tirupati might surprise a novice. But a little probing will tell you that these bald headed men, women and children are devotees, who come from all over Andhra Pradesh and many parts of Tamil Nadu to have their heads tonsured here as an offering to Lord Venkateswara of Tirupati Tirumala. In many communities in Tamil Nadu, every baby that is born is taken to Tirupati or some other temple for tonsuring before he or she is one year old. Now why should any god want the hair on one's head? Devotees believe that it is the spirit of the sacrifice that matters, more than the actual offering. The hair has always been something that every man, woman and child is proud of – and to give that up for the lord is a sacrifice indeed!

**- Compiled by Sumathi S.**





Popularly known as the ‘land of the rising sun’, Arunachal Pradesh is the largest of all the northeast States. It stretches from the snow-capped mountains in the north to the plains of the Brahmaputra valley in the south.

Arunachal Pradesh attained statehood on February 20, 1987. The State has a long international boundary. It is surrounded by Bhutan to the west, China to the north and northeast, and Myanmar to the east. It also shares a border with Assam and Nagaland.

The State is 83,743 sq km in area. The population is 1,091,117. The State is divided mainly into five river valleys. It also consists of tall mountains and dense forests.

Arunachal Pradesh is the home of nearly 20 major tribal communities and many sub-tribes. All these tribes have unique identities and they speak various dialects.

Itanagar is the capital of the State.

Arunachal Pradesh has an abundance of dense forests of various kinds. Over 5,000 plants, 85 terrestrial mammals, 500 birds, and a large number of butterflies, reptiles, and insects are found here.

The entire State forms a complex hill system, whose elevation ranges from 50m in the foothills to 7,000m at the peaks. A number of rivers and rivulets traverse through these hills.

# Escape!

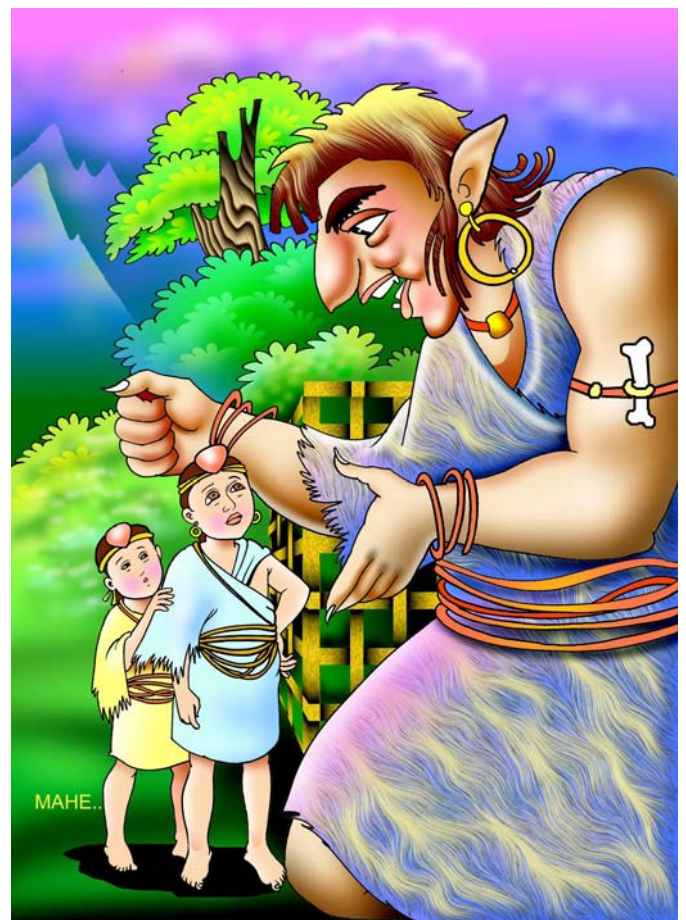
In a lovely little Nishing village lived two brothers. Nima, the older, was smart, but Nya, the younger, was hasty and easily excitable, as all little boys are.

One day, when their parents had gone hunting, a wicked *appa pilli* came there with his *pekha* to steal the pigs.

His eyes fell on the two young boys playing all by themselves in the *ngykum*.

‘Ah, they would make a tasty lunch. What tender meat!’ he thought, drooling. ‘But I must catch them without being seen by their neighbours.’ He hatched a plan. ‘Children love bananas!’ he thought as he plucked a big bunch of bananas from a plant nearby and put it into the *pekha*.

Then he approached Nima and Nya. “Children, I’m your old uncle! See what I’ve brought for you!” he smiled.





Nima was not fooled. ‘Uncle? I didn’t know I had such a big, ugly uncle,’ he thought. But Nya fell into the trap. “What have you brought for us, uncle?” Nya asked.

The *appa pilli* opened the door of the *pekha*, and said, “Look inside! I’ve brought tasty bananas for you! You love them, don’t you?”

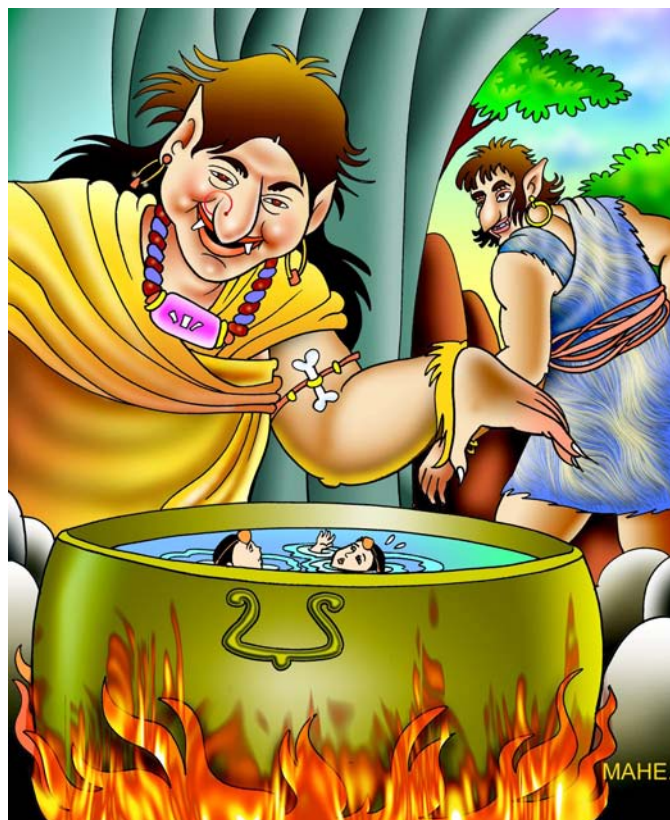
Nya ran into the cage eagerly when he saw the yellow fleshy bananas inside. Nima was suspicious, but the bananas were too tempting. He followed. Immediately, the *appa pilli* snapped shut the door. “Got you, my dearies,” he chortled.

He rushed back to the mountain cave that was his home. “Now get the *degchi* ready and raise a good fire,” he told his wife, jubilantly. “We’re going to have a great lunch.”

The wife was so happy to see the boys that she dropped all that she was doing and immediately filled the *degchi* with water, did the *lulikher* and placed it on the fire. Then her husband emptied the *pekha* into the *degchi*.

As Nima and Nya knew swimming, they managed to stay afloat in the *degchi*. “Wife, see if the water is boiling!” they heard the *appa pilli* tell his wife. This gave Nima an idea. He whispered it to Nya and both dived to the bottom of the vessel. When the wife peeped into the *degchi*, she saw bubbles in the water. It was actually the boys breathing under water, but foolish as she was, she thought it was the water boiling.

“Your lunch will be ready soon,” she called out. “The water is boiling and the meat will turn soft soon!”



The two *appa pillis*, with a high sense of hygiene, left to wash their hands for lunch. When they saw that they were alone, Nima and Nya jumped out of the *degchi*. They took hold of the two baby *appa pillis* lying in a cosy nook in the cave, and dumped them into the *degchi*. The babies began bawling loudly as the water was now quite hot.

“Run, Nya, before the *appa pillis* find out that we have escaped,” cried Nima. They began running towards



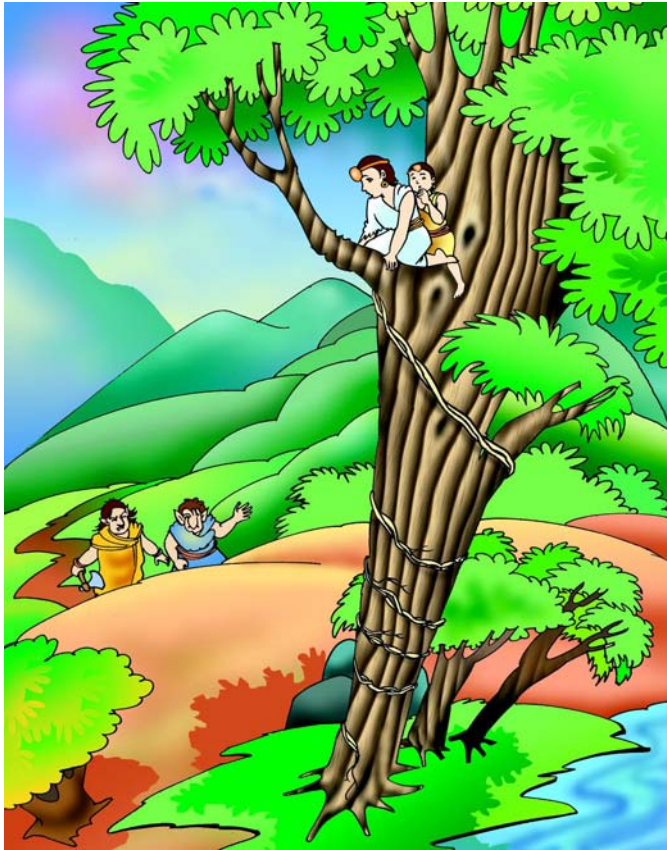
## Arts and crafts

Arunachal Pradesh has a rich tradition of handicrafts and weaving. The State is known for its bamboo and cane handicraft. Many products like cane furniture, caps, headgears, and trays are made by its people. The design of the caps and the headgear varies from tribe to tribe.

Arunachal Pradesh is also famous for ornaments made of beads and grass. All types of ornaments, like necklace, wristband, waistband, headgear, and earrings, are made out of beads in beautiful geometric patterns. They are worn by both men and women. Grass necklace is made by the womenfolk. It is made out of a kind of reed that grows on the banks of streams and rivers between September and February.

The State is known as the storehouse of handloom designs, as each of the 20 tribes and more than 100 sub-tribes weave unique and appealing handloom designs. Carpet-making and weaving bags are popular crafts.





the big river in the forest. Meanwhile the *appa pillis* returned to the cave, smacking their lips at the thought of lunch. They were surprised to hear terrific shouts coming from the *degchi*. When they peeped into the *degchi*, they found to their eternal horror their own children stewing in their juice!

The female *appa pilli* pulled out her steaming, dripping children from the *degchi*, shedding motherly tears of anguish. "O poor things! You're almost cooked! We might have even had you for lunch if we hadn't noticed!" she cried.

"This is the work of the Nishi boys," declared her husband, angrily. "Now come and help me catch them. We must certainly have them for lunch today, at least to take revenge for what they have done."

The *appa pilli* couple found the tracks of the children outside the cave and began following them.

Soon they closed in on the children. When the boys reached the riverbank and looked back, they saw the two *appa pillis* hot on their heels. "Quick, Nya! Let's climb that tall tree near the river, before they catch us!" shouted Nima. The two boys swiftly climbed the tall tree.

The *appa pillis* drew up near the tree and stood uncertainly. "Climb, climb," the female urged her husband.

"I don't know how to climb trees," he replied, chewing his lower lip. "Let me ask the boys to teach me how! Maybe they can be tricked into revealing the secret."

He then addressed the children. "How smart you are, how fast and clever to climb such a tall tree," he said, looking as friendly as he could manage to. "Who taught you to climb trees?"

"Grandfather," answered Nya immediately, even as Nima pinched him to keep quiet.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the *appa pilli*. "Ah, let me see if you've learnt your tree climbing lessons well! Now answer this! How does one get a grip on a smooth tree trunk?"

"I know," squealed silly Nya. "You must look for the *terri* that grow on tree trunks!" Nima tried to shush him up, but it was too late. The secret was out. The children had indeed found a strong creeper winding up the tree and had climbed with its help.

The *appa pilli* looked all around the tree and found the *terri*. "Ah, aha ha!" he laughed. "Now I've really got you!"

Then he told his wife, "I'll go up and throw down the children. Mind you, be ready to chop off their heads with the axe. This time, we mustn't let them get away." She

## Dances

Dances play a vital role in the lives of the tribals. The tribals of Arunachal Pradesh perform many kinds of dances, mostly during important festivals, rituals, and sometimes for recreation, too. The dances vary from tribe to tribe, from the highly stylised religious dance drama of the Buddhists to the martial steps of the Wancho and Noctes tribes.

These dances are mostly group dances in which both men and women take part. But there are a few ritualistic dances in which women are not allowed to participate. Some of the most popular dances are lion, yak and peacock dances. Most dances are generally accompanied by songs that are sung in chorus.





agreed and stood ready, holding the axe high above her head.

But clever Nima had thought out a plan for escape by then. He pulled out the little *yoshi* he was carrying and began cutting the creeper from the top. The *appa pilli* was dragging himself up the tree with the help of the creeper. He was half way up when the creeper snapped and he crashed down, shouting all the while.

As he landed on the ground with a big thud, his wife, who was in a hurry to carry out her husband's instructions, brought the axe down on his great big skull! What a disaster! His screams made the trees shake and the earth tremble. Fortunately for him, *appa pillis* do not die easily, so he survived his wife's attack.



## Glossary

*Nishing* : a tribe of Arunachal Pradesh

*appa pilli*: moniter or demon

*pekha* : cage used for carrying pigs

*ngykum*: the raised paltform in a Nishi house which is open and raised for sitting

*degchi*: a big pan or wok

*lliikher*: heating stone to red hot

*terri*: creeper

*yoshi*: small knife kept by Nishi males and females

The poor *appa pilli* saw stars – whole galaxies of them – while his head spun and whirled from the impact, like the earth on its axis. When the spinning came to a screeching halt, he sat up and cursed his wife, good and proper.

Blood flowed freely from the wound on his head, but he did not care. He grabbed the axe from her and began hacking at the tree. “We’ll get you still!” he roared at the children, trembling on the tree.

“Nima, we’re doomed. We shall surely die today!” Nya cried, bursting into loud sobs. But Nima was made of sterner stuff. “No, we shan’t!” he replied. “God will never let good people be harmed. We haven’t committed any sin. Let’s pray to the tree spirit and the river spirit for help!”

Both brothers began praying loudly. The tree shook and swayed as the *appa pilli* chopped away.

But their prayers were heard – for the tree, when it fell, fell into the river along with the children. And the river carried it far away swiftly, before the *appa pillis* could pull it back to the shore. The children escaped from the *appa pillis* and made their way home again.

**- Retold by Sumy**



# The Indestructible Giant

**P**rincess Diti, one of the daughters of Daksha, the monarch who ruled his country from the foothills of the Himalayas, was married to Sage Kashyap. She was a proud mother having given birth to several sons. But they were all Daityas or giants who always quarrelled with the gods. These quarrels often resulted in fights. As a result, the giants were all killed.

Princess Diti retired to a lonely place and performed a very severe sort of Tapasya. That is to say, she concentrated on the Supreme Divine and prayed to Him that she be blessed with a son whom the gods would be unable to kill.

Her prayer was granted. The son born to her had strange features - a thousand legs, a thousand arms and

His mother might have given him some sweet name, but nobody cared to remember it.

By and by Andhaka learnt that the gods were the ones who had killed his brothers. He decided to take revenge on them. And then began a long drawn-out battle between this mighty giant and the gods. Practically every time the giant defeated the gods. He himself could not be killed because of the boon his mother had received, which protected him.

But something had to be done to put an end to the menace that was Andhaka. He was indestructible so far as the gods were concerned. But he could certainly be destroyed by one of the three great Gods - Brahma, Vishnu or Siva!



two thousand eyes. As he grew up, he proved to be extraordinarily strong and brave.

Who can deny the fact that strength and bravery are excellent qualities? One can use them for achieving great goals. With them, one can also help the weak and explore the unknown regions of the earth. But, so far as this son of Diti was concerned, he used these qualities to harass others. By and by he grew so very proud of his powers that he disregarded all good advice sounded by his well wishers. He cared for none. The sages were ridiculed and often tortured by him. He was blind with ego. That is why he was called Andhaka or the one without Sight.

One day, the great sage, Narada, paid a visit to the giant. The sage had put on a garland made of some exquisite flowers. They were not only extremely beautiful, but exquisitely fragrant. Andhaka could not turn his eyes away from the garland. Its fragrance almost intoxicated him. He had never before seen such flowers, nor had he heard about them.

“O sage, these flowers are simply wonderful! Where did you find them?” asked the giant.

“Well, there is only one place anywhere in the three spheres of creation - the heavens, the earth and the nether world - where one can find these flowers. It is on a



mountain named Mandara. The flower, too, bears the same name,” informed the sage.

“How much I wish I could wear a garland like this!” said the giant.

“I would be happy to present it to you, but as you can see, I have already used it for a few days and they are in the process of fading. Besides, it would not look nice for a giant of your stature to put on a garland that has already been worn,” said the sage.

“Right. I must proceed to the mountain you have mentioned. The atmosphere there must be unique because of these flowers. I must have a feel of the place and then pluck some flowers and make a garland for myself,” said the giant.

He learnt from Narada the way to the mountain and proceeded there forthwith. Indeed, the peak of the mountain abounding in the unique Mandara flowers overwhelmed him. He at once decided that he was the master of the place. None but he deserved to enjoy the charm exuded by the lovely plants.

But suddenly he espied a couple roaming about amidst the naturally grown garden. At once the giant's mood changed. He was filled with anger and envy towards the couple.

He forgot that they were already there and the garden could very well be theirs. The problem with giants and demons was, they would want to take possession of anything they liked.

“How dare you be here?” the giant hollered at the couple. “Get out, I say, or I will hurl both of you down the mountain and you will be reduced to a paste.”



Little did he know that he was talking to Lord Siva and His consort, Goddess Uma.

Siva looked at him with curiosity. But the giant was impatient. All the charm and bliss of the place had no effect on his anger. Since the two did not obey him at once, he rushed upon them gnashing his teeth, his arms spread forward to catch them.

The very next moment Siva's trident struck him. His movement was checked. He rolled down the mountain and was at its foot, never to rise again.

## THAT'S SCIENCE FOR YOU!

Archaeological excavations in the Olmec territory have brought something else to our knowledge. It is a type of necklace made of small concave iron mirrors, each with a hole pierced in the centre. The very existence of the mirror indicates that they knew about reflectivity and about burning glasses as well. Can you guess to what other uses they might have put these mirrors?







# The Wonder Berry

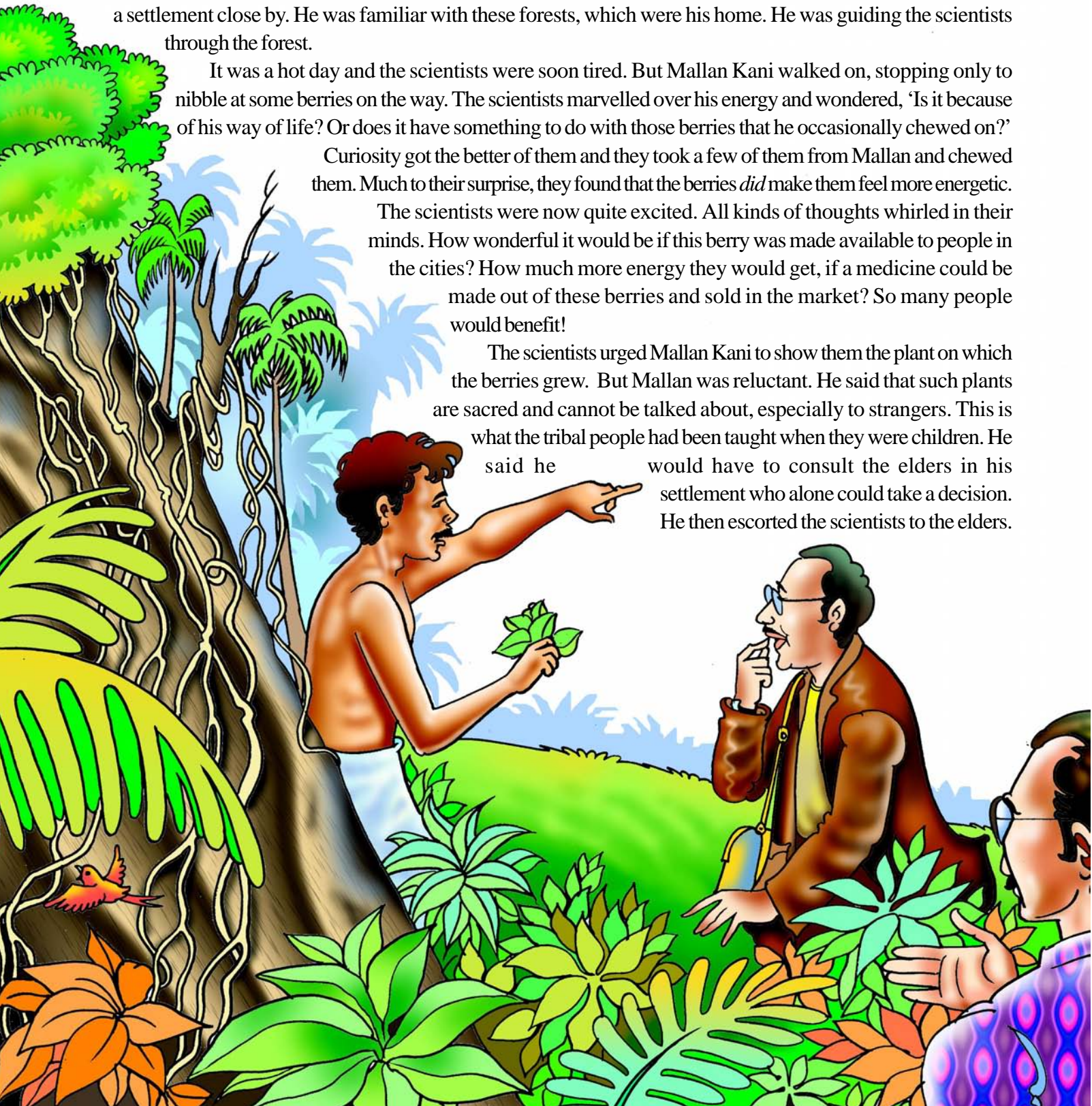
A few years ago, two scientists were walking through the forests on the Agasthya hills in Kerala. They were on an expedition looking for rare plants and were accompanied by Mallan Kani. He belonged to the Kani tribe and lived in a settlement close by. He was familiar with these forests, which were his home. He was guiding the scientists through the forest.

It was a hot day and the scientists were soon tired. But Mallan Kani walked on, stopping only to nibble at some berries on the way. The scientists marvelled over his energy and wondered, 'Is it because of his way of life? Or does it have something to do with those berries that he occasionally chewed on?'

Curiosity got the better of them and they took a few of them from Mallan and chewed them. Much to their surprise, they found that the berries *did* make them feel more energetic.

The scientists were now quite excited. All kinds of thoughts whirled in their minds. How wonderful it would be if this berry was made available to people in the cities? How much more energy they would get, if a medicine could be made out of these berries and sold in the market? So many people would benefit!

The scientists urged Mallan Kani to show them the plant on which the berries grew. But Mallan was reluctant. He said that such plants are sacred and cannot be talked about, especially to strangers. This is what the tribal people had been taught when they were children. He said he would have to consult the elders in his settlement who alone could take a decision. He then escorted the scientists to the elders.





This was the first time the people from whom the knowledge was obtained have benefited from such an arrangement. This knowledge is a small drop in the vast ocean of knowledge that tribal cultures all over the world have.

Over 119 chemical substances used in modern medicine come from plants. There are many more such plants waiting to be discovered. The cure for dreaded diseases, like cancer, may lie in the secret world of plants and in many people who live in and around forests and who have used these plants for a long long time. However, what is important is, these people who are the keepers of this knowledge are remembered and given due recognition if their knowledge is being used for manufacturing life saving medicines.

A meeting of all the community members was called. The issue was discussed. Many elders felt that if they were to reveal the name of the plant, it would bring them bad luck. The scientists did their best to convince them that revealing the information would not harm the Kanis.

On the contrary, if the plant did have medicinal properties and could be used in the manufacture of a drug, it would bring money to the community.

After long deliberations, the elders decided to disclose the name and location of the plant to the scientists. Mallan Kani was asked to take the scientists to the place where the plant grew. Another trek in the forests led them to a small shrub. Mallan called the plant *aarogyappacha*.

That day, the scientists took a few samples of the plant to their institute and studied them in the laboratory for its chemical properties. The studies showed that it *does* have certain chemicals that helped overcome



**Mallan Kani with the  
*aarogyappacha***

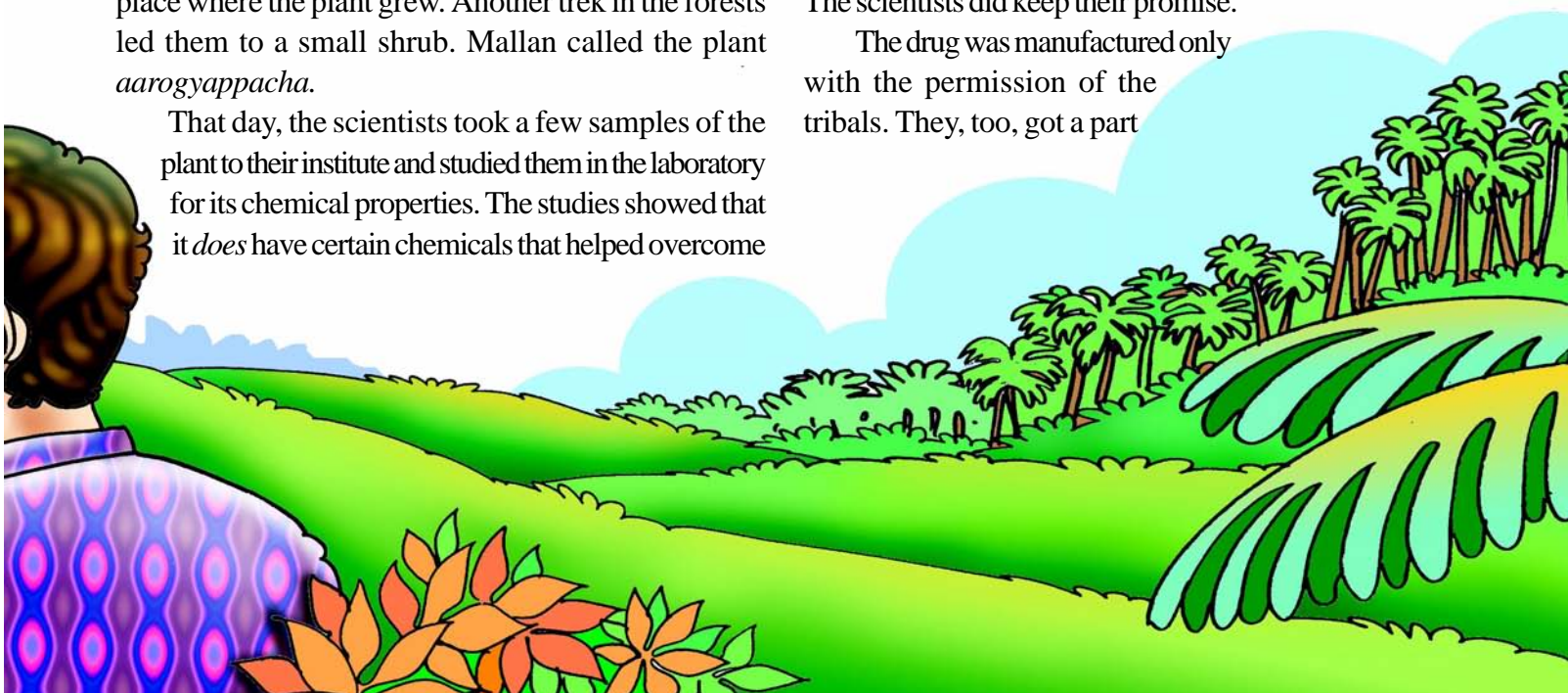
tiredness. The plant was identified. Its scientific name was *Trichopus zeylanicus* *travancoricus*. Investigations revealed that this particular plant was found only in that region of Kerala and certain parts of Tamil Nadu, and nowhere else in the world.

After a lot of research and many years later, a medicine was made out of the plant. The scientists' dream did come true. The medicine was commercially produced and used for overcoming fatigue.

But you must be wondering what happened to the Kani tribals and the promise made to them? Not to worry!

The scientists did keep their promise.

The drug was manufactured only with the permission of the tribals. They, too, got a part





of the income that came from the sale of the drug. The Kanis themselves came together and formed a trust to look after their welfare, and to help document their knowledge.

Incidentally, the forests where the plant grows are managed by the Forest Department. As per the rules, the tribals cannot pluck the berry for commercial use.

Now, the Kanis had to seek permission from the Forest officials, who initially hesitated as they felt that large-scale plucking might destroy the forest.

Ultimately, the Kanis were given permission to cultivate this plant on forestland.

The Kanis, like many other tribal communities, have a wealth of knowledge. From their experience with *Arogyapaccha*, the Kanis learnt how valuable this traditional knowledge is, and how beneficial it could be if put to good use.

It taught them the importance of safeguarding their knowledge and making sure it was used for their own benefit. It also taught them how not to let themselves be exploited by outsiders.

**- By Seema Bhatt**

**Courtesy: *The National Biodiversity Strategy and Action Plan (NBSAP) and Kalpavriksh***

**When they were young ...**

## **Treat friend as brother**

When you see someone eating something delicious, doesn't your mouth water? And how would you feel if he or she gave you a tiny bite and took away a larger share of the food? Well, most of us would feel bad. Well, there was someone who believed in sharing things equally. And he showed signs of his strong sense of justice and equality even as a six year old.



The boy was playing in front of his house with a friend, who would have been a little older - perhaps eight years old. As they were playing, the boy's mother came out of the house with a chapati on a plate.

When she saw that her son was not alone, she broke the chapati into two.

She handed both the pieces to her son and said, pointing to the bigger piece, "Son, this is for you. And this other piece is for your friend!" The boy

looked at the two pieces in his hand. Then, to his mother's utter surprise, he gave the bigger piece to his companion and ate the smaller piece himself. "Why did you do that?" his mother asked him.

In reply the boy said, "Haven't you once told me that a friend is like a brother? So is it not correct that an elder brother should have a bigger piece and a younger one should have a smaller piece?" His mother was amazed to hear these wise words of her son. This boy grew up to be a great teacher, and then a judge of the Bombay High Court. He became famous all over India as Mahadev Govind Ranade.



# Remembering the Mother

On the 21<sup>st</sup> of February falls the 125th birth anniversary of the Mother of Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. This is being celebrated all over India and in many parts of the world.

She was born Mirra Alfassa in Paris to an aristocratic couple, an Egyptian mother and Turkish father. In fact, tradition linked her mother's family to the dynasty of the legendary Pharaohs. As a child, she was trained in music and painting and would have probably surpassed many great artists of the world had she continued to paint. But her interest was elsewhere. Much later she was to say, 'Throughout all this life, knowingly or unknowingly, I have been what the Lord wanted me to be, I have done what the Lord wanted me to do. That alone matters.'

When she was a little child, she would sit in solitude for long and feel that a brilliant light was pouring into her from high above. She would see many wonderful persons in her vision. Among them one impressed her most, and she named him Krishna even before she had had any knowledge of Indian mythology. Years later, when she visited Pondicherry for the first time and met Sri Aurobindo on the 29<sup>th</sup> of March 1914, she at once recognized him as the Krishna of her vision.

She stayed in Pondicherry for ten months and then went back to Paris via Japan, because by then the First World War had started. She waited till the war was over in 1918, and then returned to Pondicherry in 1920, never to go back. She knew that she was destined to collaborate with Sri Aurobindo in his mighty spiritual endeavour – to bring down a new power called the Supramental which alone could transform man and change our life into a Life Divine.

For the disciples of Sri Aurobindo, she became the Mother. Like children being attracted towards their

mother, seekers from all over the world gathered around her and many of them wished to stay closer to the Master and the Mother. Thus was formed the Sri Aurobindo Ashram. It is not a retreat of ascetics, but an institution where everybody works, but they do so in a spirit of doing *Sadhana* or practice of Yoga. Sri Aurobindo left his body on the 5<sup>th</sup> of December 1950, but the Mother continued to be the unfailing guiding spirit for all those who turned to her.

She also founded the Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education, where a bold experiment is being done in integral education.



The Mother breathed her last on November 17, 1973. Those who followed her vision have built monuments for her in their hearts. If the others wish to see a memorial, it is there as Auroville, a little away from the city, which she had conceived. It was her decision to establish a township where people could live rising over their racial and religious differences, where all will work for a higher life rising over their own egoistic preferences and work for a greater future.

On February 28, 1968, a boy and a girl each from 124 countries came to pour a handful of earth from their motherlands into an urn placed at the centre of the proposed city.

The name Auroville, which commemorates Sri Aurobindo, while meaning the City of Dawn, was the Mother's choice. The Charter of Auroville says: "Auroville belongs to nobody in particular; it belongs to the humanity as a whole." Auroville grew rapidly under the Mother's guidance, and its significance is recognised by the entire world.

On the occasion of the Mother's 125th birth anniversary, let us remember her dictum: "To know is good; to live is better, to be — that is perfect."



# Laugh till you drop!



**Patient:** I walk in my sleep every day. Doctor, how can I cure myself of sleepwalking?



**Doctor:** Spread some drawing pins on your bedroom floor.

★ ★ ★

**Teacher:** Noor, please do not whistle while studying!

**Noor:** I'm not studying, ma'am! I'm just whistling.



★ ★ ★

**Reena:** Look at that funny looking dog! What kind of a dog is that?



**Beena:** It's a police dog.

**Reena:** It doesn't look like one.

**Beena:** Of course not! It's in the Secret Service.

At an interview for the job of a fire engine officer:

**Interviewer:** You might have to carry injured people out during accidents. How much weight can you carry?

**Shakti:** A hundred kilos.

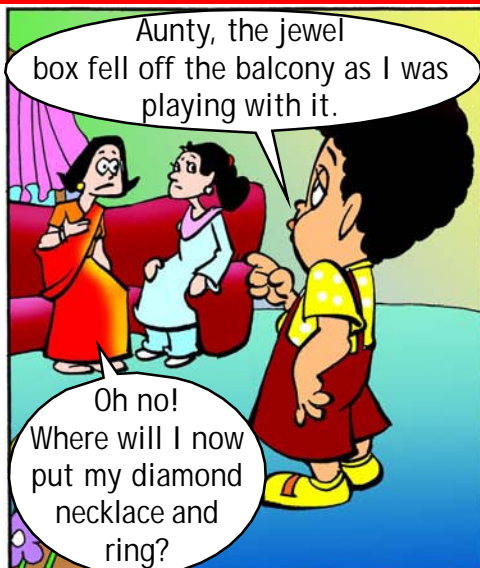
**Interviewer:** Suppose there is an unconscious woman weighing 200 kilos. How would you rescue her?

**Shakti:** I'd make two trips.

## Dushtu Dattu



Dattu plays with a jewel box in the balcony. It falls out of the balcony.







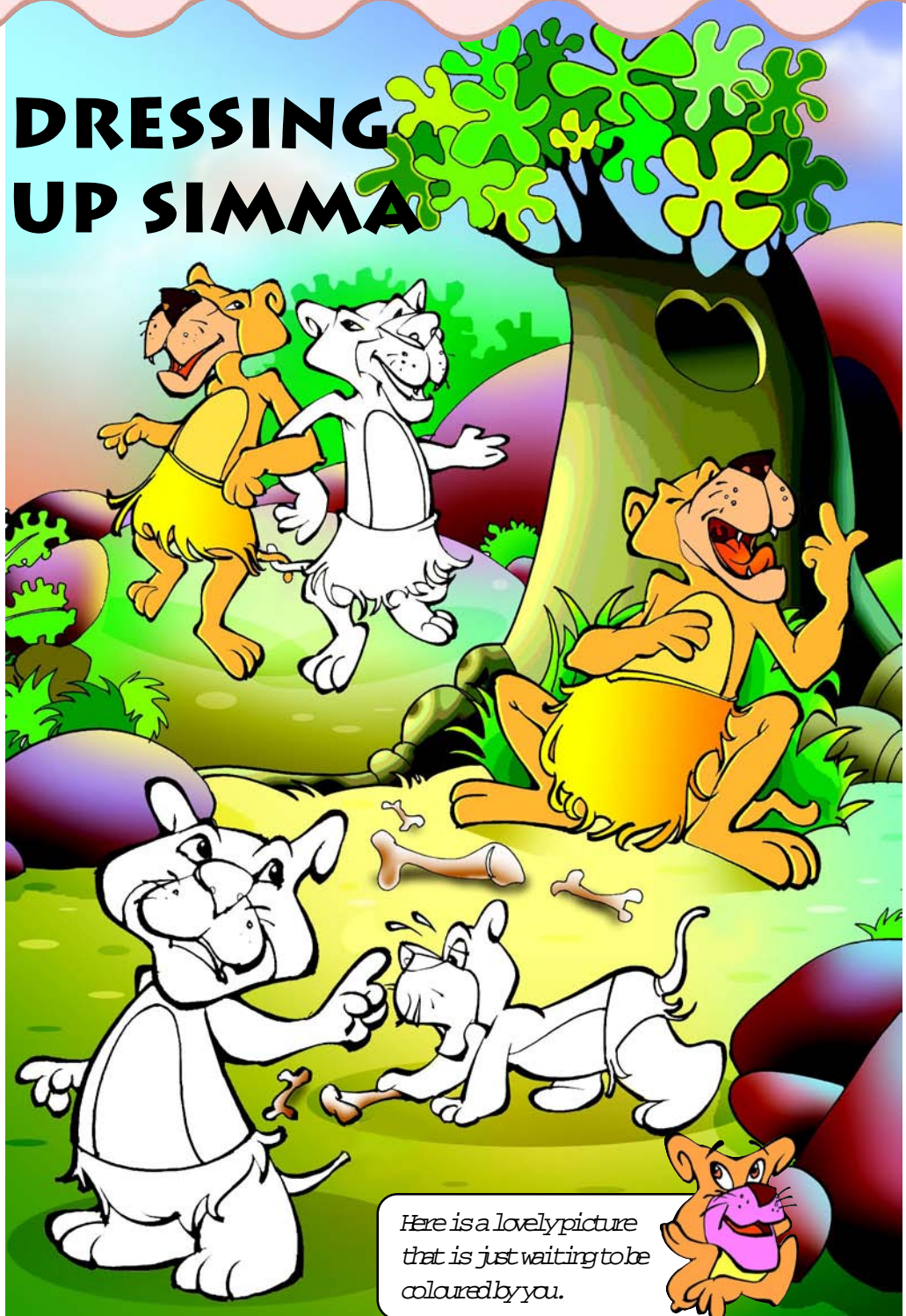
# JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA



Long, long ago, lions and lionesses looked alike. Yes, lions did not have manes as they do now. Don't you want to know when and why they started growing manes? That's quite an interesting story.

Simhi and Garju, two lionesses, were close friends. They worked, played, slept, and roamed the forest together. They hunted food for the entire family. Simma the lion was very lazy. He was always sleeping. When the lionesses brought food, he ate it all up. He would leave nothing for Simhi, Garju, and the two cubs, Gir and Jir.

## DRESSING UP SIMMA



Here is a lovely picture  
that is just waiting to be  
coloured by you.





One day, Simhi and Garju caught a plump deer. "We're hungry," cried Gir and Jir, and they ran behind their mothers. Simma was asleep. When he heard the noise, he woke up with a loud, hungry roar.

He shoed away the cubs and the lionesses, and ate up the entire deer. He then walked off with another loud roar.





The cubs were hungry and sad. Simhi and Garju were also sad. It was not easy to catch another deer. They might not find another animal again that day.

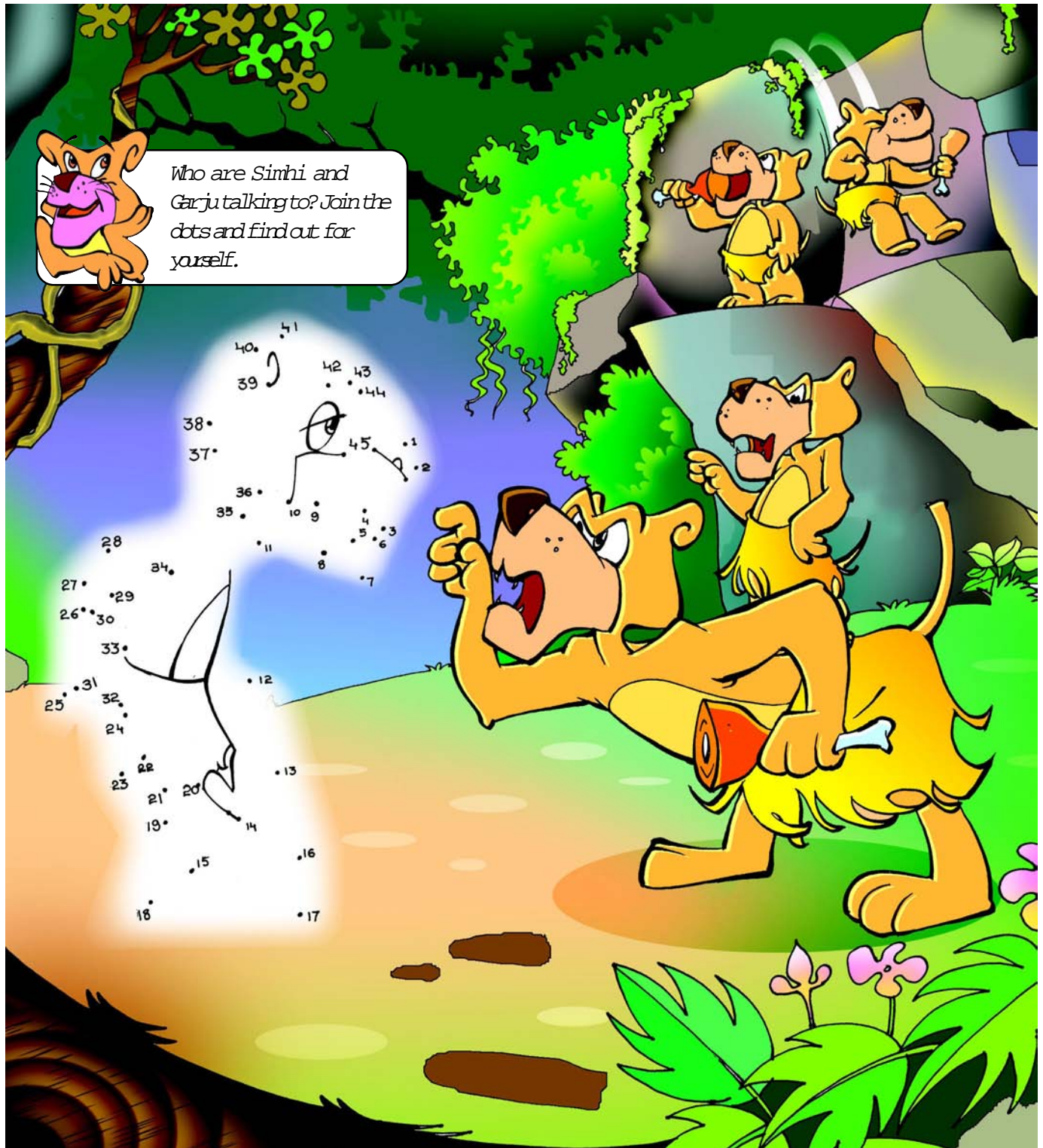
"Simma is very selfish! He never helps us in hunting. He does not look after the cubs. He eats up whatever we get!" said Simhi angrily.





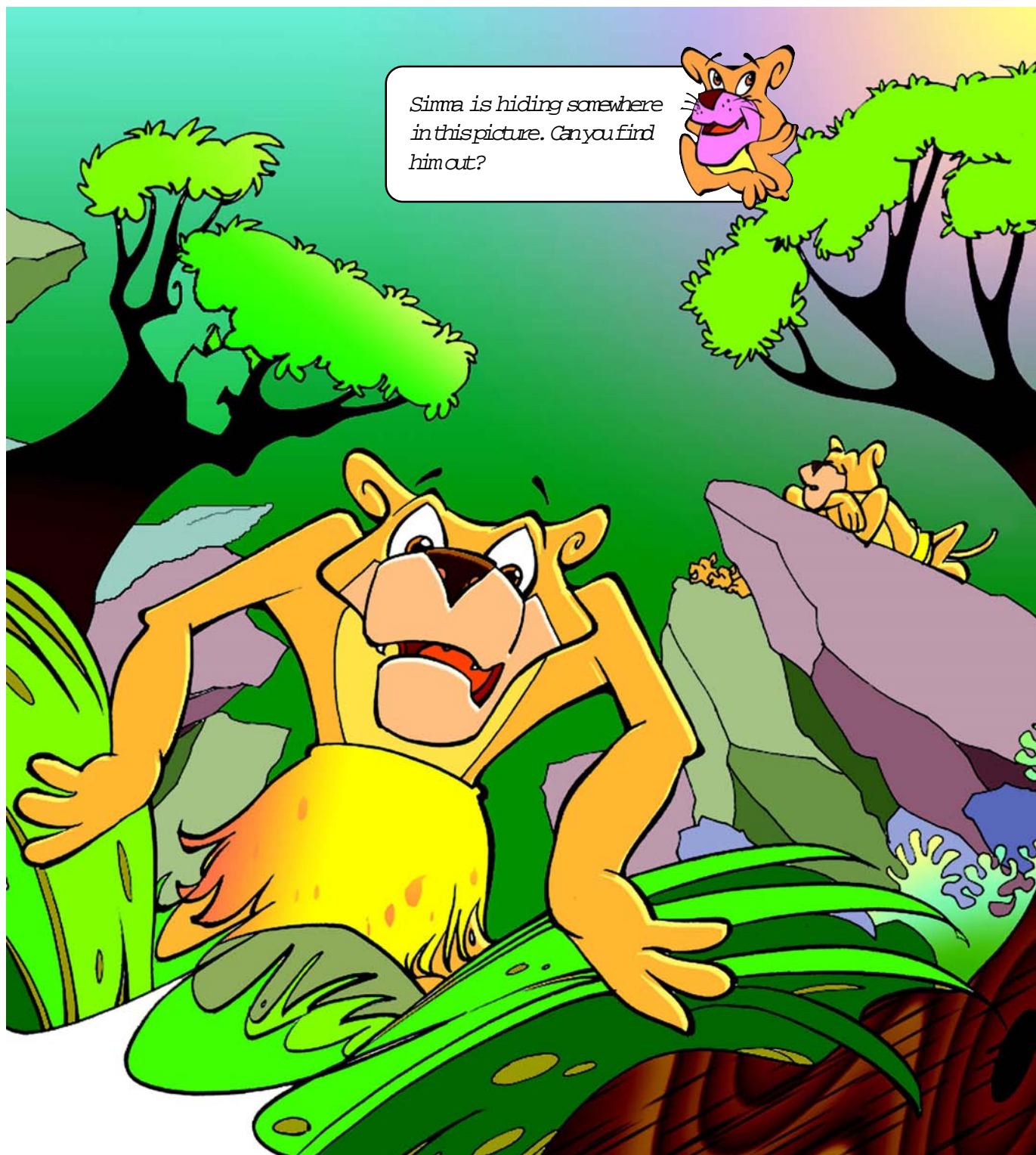
Simhi and Garju decided to teach him a lesson. "If you want food, you should help us to hunt!" they told him.

Simma did not bother them for the next two days. The lionesses and cubs were happy now.





The next day, they caught a huge deer and ate to their fill. Garju hid the rest of the meat in a bush nearby. Then Simhi went for a stroll. The others fell asleep. After some time, Garju woke up and saw somebody near the bush. "Who's that?" she asked. "It's me, Simhi!" came the reply. Garju went back to sleep. Later, when Simhi came back, she had a surprise. There was no meat in the bush.







"The meat is missing!" she told Garju. "I saw somebody near the bush. I thought it was you," said Garju.

"It must have been Simma," said Simhi. "He looks so much like us. We should make him look different," she said.

"Yes, we must be able to recognise him from far," added Garju.




Look at the pictures given here. The pictures in every pair are opposites. Under the first one in every pair is a word that describes it. Fill in the word left out.



1. FRONT  
x \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_  
x SHORT

3. \_\_\_\_\_  
x NIGHT





"Ma, why don't we put a mask on his face?" said Gir.

"And a mask on his tail, too!" added li'l Jir. They, too, were angry at their father's ways. Simhi and Garju collected straw, roots and fibres and made a big mask. Then, they mixed a few berries and herbs in some meat and left it behind the bush. Simma came and ate the food. The herbs in the food made him fall asleep.





They now fixed the mask on to Simma's face. And they stuck a bunch of straw to his tail. When Simma woke up, he found the mask on his face. He could not take it off. He was ashamed to face them. 'I cannot cheat them any longer,' he thought. He ran away and did not trouble them after that.

- Srikari



Would you Like to draw a picture of Simma's family? Use the space given here.



Page-36  
1. BACK  
2. TALL  
3. DAY



Page-35

Page-33  
1. tadpole.  
2. goshing.  
3. piglet.  
4. cub.

Page-32  
A-2  
B-5  
C-1  
D-3  
E-4

## ANSWERS



# Garuda the Invincible

24

Art : MAHE

Aditya goes to Sarpadesa in search of Commander Narendradeva and son Ravindradeva who had suddenly left Chandrapuri. He learns about them from a young tribal couple. At the behest of Tantrik Nagabandhu, Narendradeva leaves for the capital to take Aditya captive, but falls a prey to crocodiles and loses his legs. Aditya gets ready to confront the Tantrik.

Aditya and his bodyguards surround the tents and capture Ravindradeva's men, who meekly surrender.

The tribals, joyous over the arrest of the soldiers, start beating their drums.

Where's your master? Where's Ravindradeva staying?

Louder! If the Tantrik hears us, he'll come out.

Sir, he and the Oracle are the Tantrik's guests. They are staying in one of the chambers in the caves.

The disciples guarding the entrance to the caves come out.

Who's beating the drums? Why?

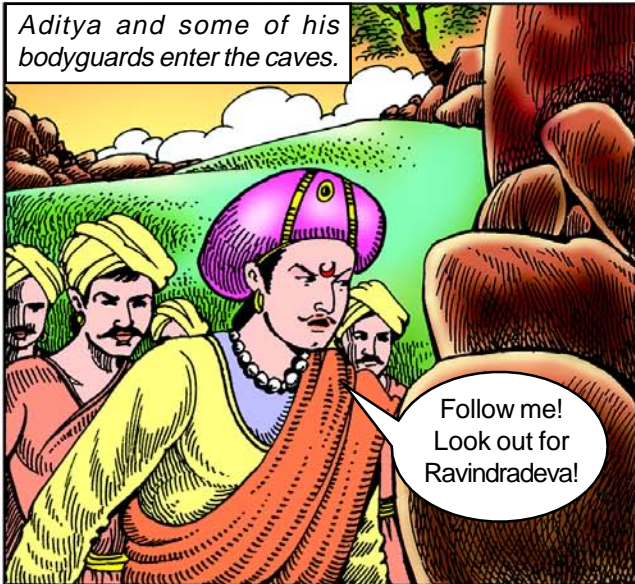
The disciples warn the tribals.

Drums at this hour?

Hey! You stop that noise! Our master hates to be disturbed early morning!



Aditya and some of his bodyguards enter the caves.



Follow me!  
Look out for  
Ravindradeva!

The disciples, preparing for some rituals, hear some footsteps.



Who could  
that be? Who  
are you?

Why  
are you  
here? Stop!  
Not a step  
forward!!

The disciples are taken by surprise.  
Aditya's men gag them and take  
them out. Before leaving...



Yes...  
Sir!

Do  
as we  
say!

What're  
you doing?  
Where are you  
taking us?

... the disciples  
drop the vessels  
and utensils they  
hold in their hands,  
hoping that the noise  
would alert the Tantrik.



Nagabandhu is woken up by the clang of the falling vessels.

What's all this noise? Anybody over there?

Not getting an answer to his calls, the Tantrik comes out of his chamber.

What's happening? Where have they all gone?

On coming out, the Tantrik hears the drum-beating.

Ah! They must have caught Aditya! Today is my day! I must get ready for the 60th sacrifice!

(To continue)





## Dear eco friends,

We recently received a letter from a young friend, Saba Arif Mulla of Solapur, Maharashtra, who was moved by the article on mongoose hair paintbrushes that we published in *Vasudha* in December 2002. He has a suggestion for making bio degradable paintbrushes: he says one could make them out of grass at home! This month we teach you how to make a grass paintbrush, based on Saba's suggestion. All you young artists must try this out. And I think we must all rack our brains to try and come up with a paintbrush that can effectively replace both nylon and mongoose hair brushes. Think of other eco-friendly materials that can be used for making brushes - coir, banana fibre, anything else? Try them out and share your success with us at *Vasudha*, Chandamama (English), Chandamama India Limited, 82 Defence Officers' Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600097.

Love

KOPRA KUTTY

## Make a grass paintbrush

"I want to tell you a method of making degradable brushes which can be made at home. All you require is: a piece of thread, scissors, dry grass and a soft stick, razor or blade. ...Our ancestors used brushes made from grass to do the paintings in temples. Even today rural artists of Kerala use this type of brushes."

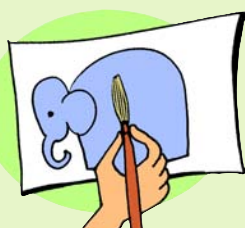
- Saba Arif Mulla.

Things you need : a piece of thread, scissors, dry grass and a soft stick, razor or blade.



Take the dry grass and tie it to the stick with thread. With a razor or blade soften the stick and make it level.

Cut the dry grass level and shape it as you want. Make sure that the grass you choose is not too dry because dry grass will break while painting.



## Doc Talk

Take a corn of black pepper. Light a candle and hold the pepper close to the flame till it starts emitting smoke. Be careful not to burn your fingers. Inhale the smoke. Does it make you splutter? Never mind. It's good for your throat.



Worms in your tummy? Forget the tablets and syrups. Take two sprigs of tender neem leaves. Remove the leaves from the stem and wash them well.

Add a few peppercorns, some cumin seeds, some *ajwain*, some asafoetida, a little salt, and a small piece of tamarind and some jaggery, and grind all this into a pulp with very little water. Take a teaspoon of it for two or three days in a row. The pulp will keep for two or three days if you leave it in the fridge.



# NEWS FLASH

## Robbery with apology



The two young robbers who entered a lift in a Singapore building were unusually apologetic. The other passenger, 73-year-old Law Siew Hong, was surprised when he heard them say, “Times are bad, and there’s no choice. Sorry, but we’ve to take your money.” Law was, for a moment,

scared but was quick to appreciate their behaviour. He parted with his valuables without offering any resistance. All this happened before the lift came to a halt.

## Return of chewing gum



By an act of legislation two years ago, Singapore had banned sale and use of chewing gum in the island nation. Now the ban is being lifted—though not fully.

Sugarless gum, prescribed by doctors and dentists for medicinal benefits and sold at pharmacies, can henceforth be used.

Some people believe that chewing gum will still leave a bad taste in the mouth!

## Say “no” to Everest

This is a slogan put out by the Chinese, who call the world’s tallest peak Mount Qomolangma and insist that the peak should not be called Everest anymore, for, that name, according to them, is a misnomer. China has started a campaign to stop anybody from referring to the peak as Everest,



so called after the Surveyor-General of India, Sir George Everest, who had mapped the peak in 1852.

China claims that the mountain was first mapped in 1717 by officials of the Qing dynasty and wants everybody to use only the Chinese official name from 2003.

## ‘Langar’ in restaurant



Kewal Singh Johal, a Sikh by religion, who runs a restaurant in Frontier Village, Lake Stevens area, USA, had a surprise for the local residents. On Christmas Day, he offered free food to whoever visited his Grand Taj. The Gurudwaras, which are places of worship for the Sikhs, invariably run a ‘langar’, where food is served free. Kewal Singh’s act of charity can well be compared to a langar. The restaurant remained open from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. To all queries, he simply explained: “The essence of our religion is to help each other.”



# Story of Ganesa

## 14. A musical duel

One day, Krishna was tending cattle near the Govardhana mountain. He was accosted by an elderly man who had with him a percussion instrument. “Is there someone called Krishna here who plays the flute?” he asked. “I’m keen to listen to him.”

“I’m that Krishna,” the young Krishna introduced himself. “Is that a *mridangam*, by the way?”

“Yes, it’s a *mridangam*, and I’m known as Mridanga Kesari,” said the man. “I’m from the south, and I’m on my way to Mathura. I’m told King Kansa is fond of listening to *mridangam*.”

Krishna noticed that the man was wearing ornaments on his neck, arms, ears, and legs. Moreover, even the *mridangam* was bejewelled. “Sir, I’m only a shepherd, tending cattle. My flute is made of ordinary bamboo, and I play it only to please the cattle,” said Krishna.

“Oh! You’re just trying to be modest, Krishna,” remarked the old man. “Perhaps you don’t wish to oblige me. But I insist, we must decide whether the music from your flute or my playing on the *mridangam* is greater, right now.”

Krishna appeared scared, and he started playing his flute. *Mridanga Kesari*, too, began beating his instrument. He was so taken over by the music from the flute that he stopped playing on the *mridangam* and started dancing to Krishna’s music.

Krishna played different *ragas* and the old man had to change his steps often. Suddenly, instead of him it was *Vighneswara* who was dancing to Krishna’s tunes! Soon *Vighneswara* got tired. Krishna noticed this and stopped playing the flute. “O son of *Parvati*! She may even curse you for listening to my flute. That’s why I stopped,” he explained to *Vighneswara*.

“O Krishna, what a perfect match we made!” said *Vighneswara*. “I really enjoyed your music. I would have myself asked you to stop, because it is time for you to go to Mathura. Your uncle Kansa’s end is nigh at hand. You must go and return victorious.”

“I’m sure I’ve your blessings,” said Krishna, paying obeisance to *Vighneswara*.

Soon afterwards, Krishna went over to Mathura, killed Kansa, and released his parents *Devaki* and





Vasudeva who had been imprisoned by Kansa. In course of time, Krishna established his city in Dwaraka and settled down there after marrying Rukmini. Near Dwaraka, there was a small kingdom ruled by Satrajit. He claimed to be a descendant of the Surya dynasty and meditated on Surya, who presented him with a gem called Symantaka which possessed great powers.

Satrajit wanted to show off his newly acquired gift and sent invitations to many people who, as he expected, came and saw the gem, and complimented its owner.

An invitation had also gone to Krishna, but he merely sent word that he would go some day later. Satrajit was naturally put out.

He had a charming daughter called Satyabhama. Word had gone round about her beauty just as the fame of Symantaka had spread. There were many suitors for her hand. Satyabhama very religiously worshipped Ganesa on every Vinayaka Chaturthi day. Her only prayer was that Krishna should become her husband. After she knew that her father had invited Krishna to come and see the gem, she made it a habit to wait at the entrance to the palace hoping that he would arrive any day. But there was no sign of Krishna for a long time and so she began praying to Vighneswara to remove all hurdles to her wish being fulfilled.

Satrajit was aware of the agony in his daughter's mind, but he did not either express it in words or make a show of his feelings.

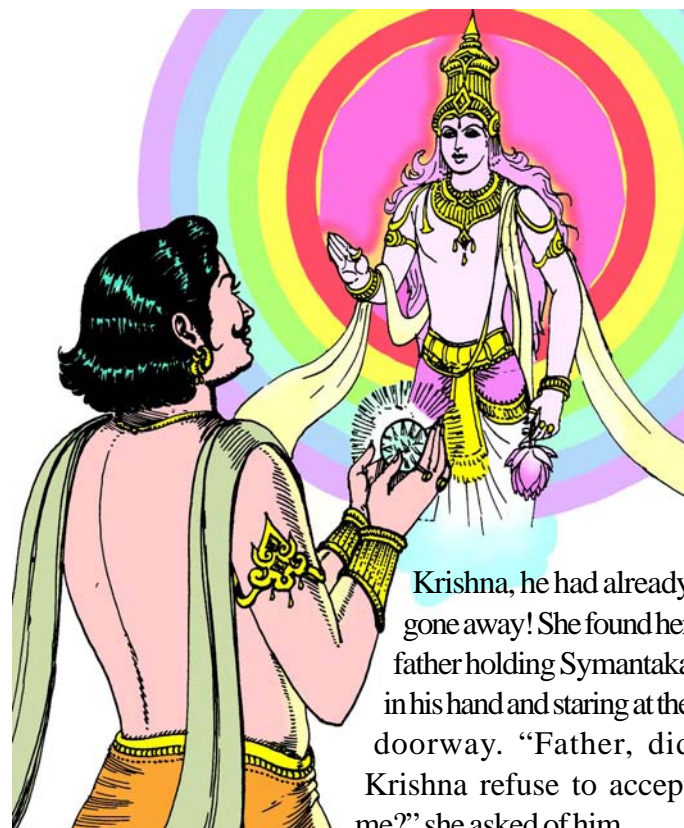
One day, he saw Satyabhama in deep meditation and chanting the name of Vighneswara. "My darling daughter! Don't you know that we've the blessings of Lord Surya?" said Satrajit to dissuade her from her penance. "Why then have you to spend so much time on worshipping Ganesa?"

"Please don't say that, Father!" pleaded Satyabhama. "Only Vighneswara will help me fulfil my wish."

"And what do you wish for? A share of Krishna's affection, which he is showering on Rukmini?"

"No, father, it's not any share that I want," said Satyabhama unashamedly. "I must get him for myself!"

It so happened, the next day Krishna came to Satrajit's palace. He received him in his court and sent word to his daughter. By the time she reached the court, bedecked in jewellery to make herself attractive to



Krishna, he had already gone away! She found her father holding Symantaka in his hand and staring at the doorway. "Father, did Krishna refuse to accept me?" she asked of him.

"If he had said so, I would not have been so upset," said Satrajit. "Do you know what he asked for? He wants this precious gem! He said, if it is in his possession, many people would benefit by it."

Satyabhama appeared shocked. "Father, do you consider Symantaka more precious than *your* Satyabhama?" She then started moving out in a huff.

Satrajit got up and said, "Certainly not, my darling daughter." He wanted to reassure her of his affection and concern. "I'm only scared of his greed."

"But, father," protested Satyabhama, "Why do you want to call him greedy? He told you that if the gem is in his possession, more people will be benefited. So, it would have been a great act if you had handed the gem to Krishna!"

It was now the turn of Satrajit to become angry. "No! I'll never give it to Krishna! Not when I am alive! I shall never part with Symantaka! It's my very life and soul!"

"Father, now I know whom you love most!" said Satyabhama with a sneer. "If that is so, let the gem remain with you. I've no place here!"

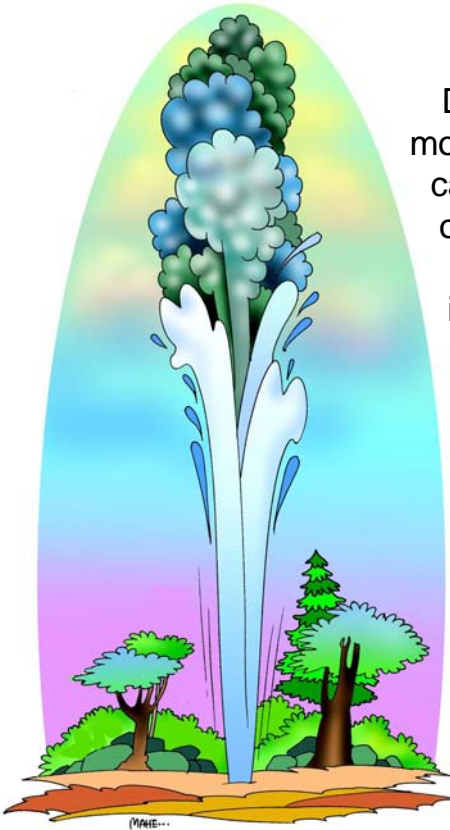
Satyabhama eagerly awaited the next Vinayaka Chaturthi day.

**(To continue)**





## Geyser



Do you switch on the electric water heaters in your house every morning? If you do, you might have heard that these heaters are also called geysers. Water heaters take this name from their centuries old counterpart, the natural geyser.

Geysers are natural hot springs. The most famous natural geyser is at the Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming, U.S.A. There are also many other geysers elsewhere in the world. Geysers are a rare phenomenon. They do not erupt all the time, but only from time to time.

They throw out hot water and steam from the earth's surface into the air. Geysers erupt from shallow pools of water that get heated due to volcanic activity under the surface. It is this activity that causes the water to get heated deep down in the earth. When the water is hot enough, it erupts as columns of water and steam and is expelled into the air. Most often, the temperature of the water shoots up beyond the normal boiling point of water, i.e.,  $100^{\circ}\text{C}$ . Analysis has shown that the water expelled from the ground is nearly 500 years old.

## Gnu

Africa is a land of many strange, wonderful creatures. The gnu is one of them. It is an African antelope. Gnus are also known as the wildebeest.

They have a peculiar appearance. Their head is massive, with a broad muzzle, and similar to the long and sad face of the bison. Their bodies and tails resemble those of a horse. Both the male and the female animals have horns. The horns are smooth and curl first down and then up.

Gnus are large. They grow to a height of 2.4 m. They are active during the day and night. Generally, they travel in large herds of 20 to 50 animals. Gnus feed mainly on grass. Large predators like lions, cheetahs, and wild dogs prey on the gnus. The gnus that first grow wise to the close presence of predators warn the other members of the herd by a series of loud snorts.

Did you know that baby gnus are up and running just 30 minutes after their birth?

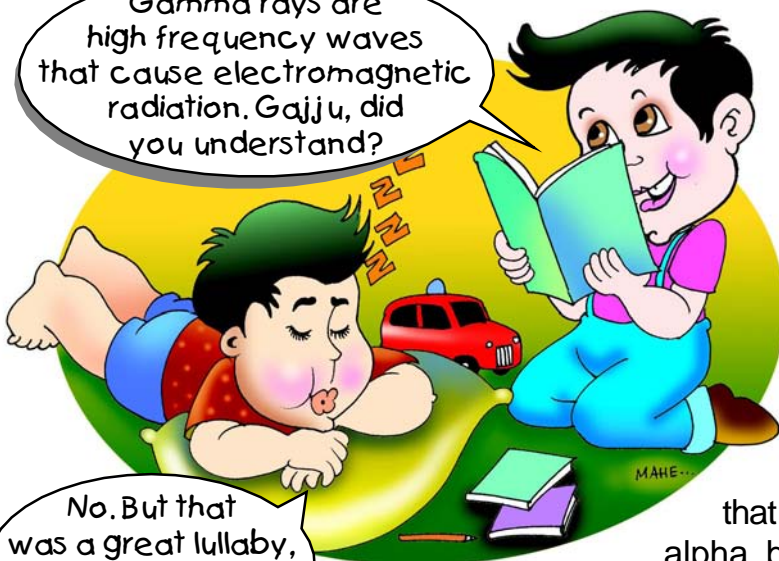






Gamma rays are high frequency waves that cause electromagnetic radiation. Gajju, did you understand?

No. But that was a great lullaby, Guru. It made me sleepy!



## Gamma rays

Gamma rays are a form of light rays. There are many kinds of light rays, all of which travel in waves. They are classified according to their wavelength or the distance between their waves. Gamma rays have the shortest wavelength. They are very energetic. Their energy is even greater than that of the x-rays.

There are many physical processes that produce gamma rays. In a nuclear reaction, alpha, beta, and gamma rays are emitted. When an electron collides with its antimatter, positron, they destroy each other. This process also produces gamma rays.

The gamma rays from the sun travel to us crossing a vast span of space. Most of them are absorbed by the earth's atmosphere.

Gamma rays are harmful. They can kill living cells. They are used as medicine for treating cancer. Gamma rays are also used widely in the industry to inspect materials used in building dams, bridges, or ships to ensure that there are no internal flaws in the construction.

## Activity

The names of the scientists given here are in a jumble. Unscramble them and match them with their discoveries or inventions. And do note, all their names begin in 'G'.

**NENIDS AORBG**

invented the bubble chamber in 1952 to track speeding atomic particles.

**LAILGOE AILIELG**

invented the hologram. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1971.

**LDDANO SLAGER**

father of modern rocket.

**EROBRT DDORGDA**

English scientist, founder of Eugenics, a science that deals with influences on the quality of heredity.

**RCIANFS TGOLAN**

Italian astronomer and physicist, the father of modern experimental science.

**Dennis Gabor** – invented the hologram. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1971.  
**Galileo Galilei** – Italian astronomer and physicist, the father of modern experimental science.  
**Donald Glaser** – invented the bubble chamber in 1952 to track speeding atomic particles.  
**Robert Goddard** – father of modern rocket.  
**Francis Galton** – English scientist, founder of Eugenics, a science that deals with influences on the quality of heredity.

**Answers:**



# PUZZLE DAZZLE

## Languages of India

Hundreds of languages are spoken by the people of our country. Some are just dialects, many others have developed grammar and literature. UNESCO observes Feb.21 as International Mother Language Day. The crossword here is based on the various languages and dialects of India.

Happy solving!

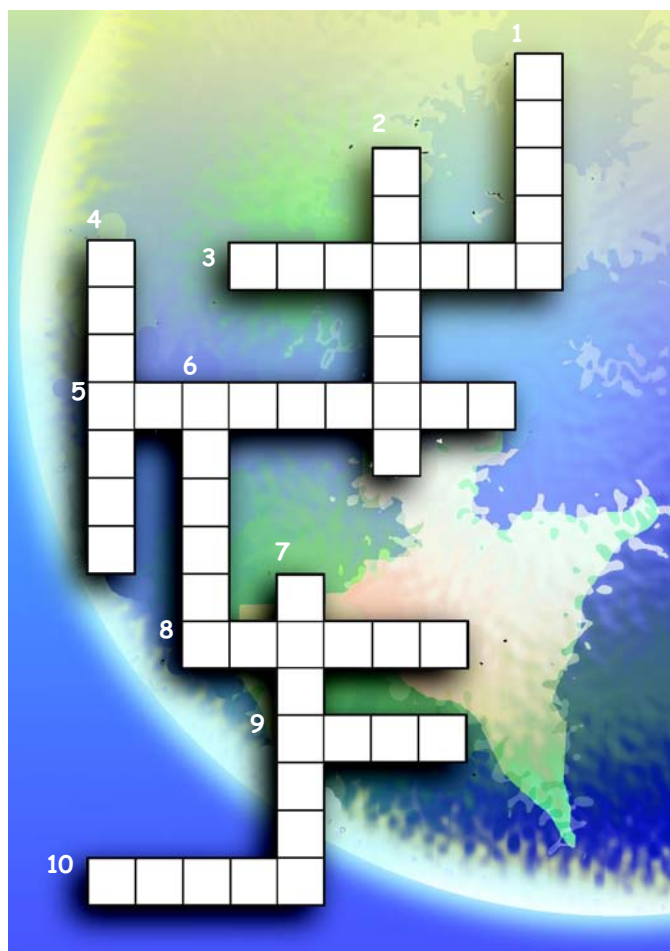
### CLUES

#### Across

3. The name of a Rajasthani community is also the name of its dialect.
5. The name of a south Indian language that is a palindrome!
8. It's spoken by the people of Awadh.
9. This can be heard in the Udipi district of Karnataka.
10. Our national language.

#### Down

1. You can hear this in the hilly areas of the Himalayas, especially in Jammu.
2. The dialect spoken in Andhra Pradesh and some parts of Tamil Nadu. Closely related to the Irula and the Ravula tribes.
4. The language spoken by the Nicobarese.
6. Tribal language used in Sikkim. It has a script of its own.
7. The widely used Munda language spoken in Bengal, Orissa, Bihar, and Assam.



## Fascinating 8's

Hey folks! It's number time again. Try to arrive at 1,000 using only 8 eights. Remember, you can use only one operation (addition, subtraction, multiplication or division) to get the solution.
























# PUZZLE DAZZLE

## Smart little girl

Leena is a smart girl. If you read and understand the following story, you will know why we call her a smart girl!

 is a smart little girl. She loves to play outdoor games. One day, as  with her friends, she fell down and hurt herself.  came running to help her.  loudly. Her mother took her to the . The  examined her thoroughly. He told the nurse to clean and bandage the wound. He applied an  and gave her an . Leena did not stop crying. She wailed and wailed. The  gave her some . He also gave her a comics book.  bought her  and  on the way back home. The next day, Leena went to  and told her friends all that had happened. She said proudly, "It did not hurt much. But I cried and cried. Instead of scolding me,  brought me  and . I also got a  from the . See how I made the most of the situation."

Rahul, Nita, Anjali, and Sid are friends. All four of them go in a car to a friend's party. They are forced to park a few blocks away. It is raining heavily and they have only one umbrella!

They decide to share the umbrella. Rahul is the fastest one. They decide that Rahul will walk with each person to the house, and then return to fetch the next person.

Rahul will take one minute to walk each way. It will take Nita 2 minutes, Anjali 10 minutes, and Sid 5 minutes to cover the



distance. In this manner, it will take a total of 19 minutes for the four of them to enter the house.

However, Nita says that all of them can be in the house in 17 minutes!

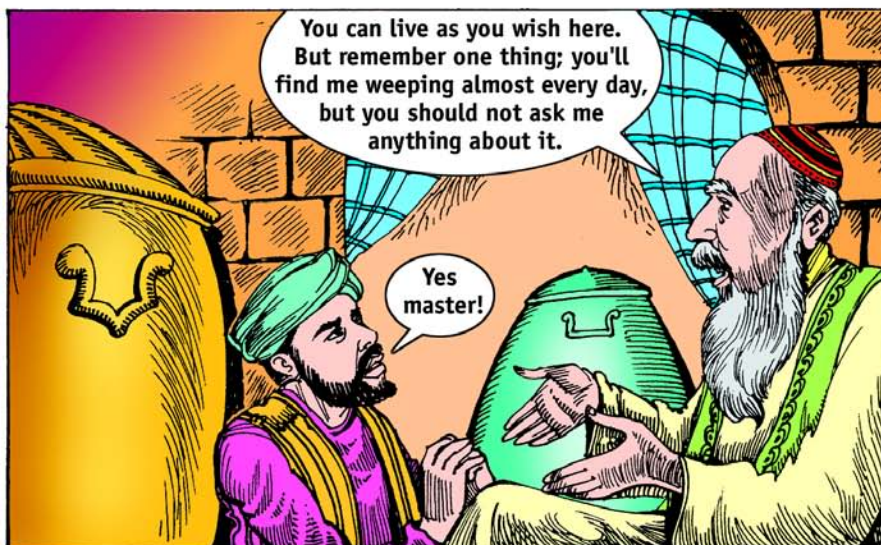
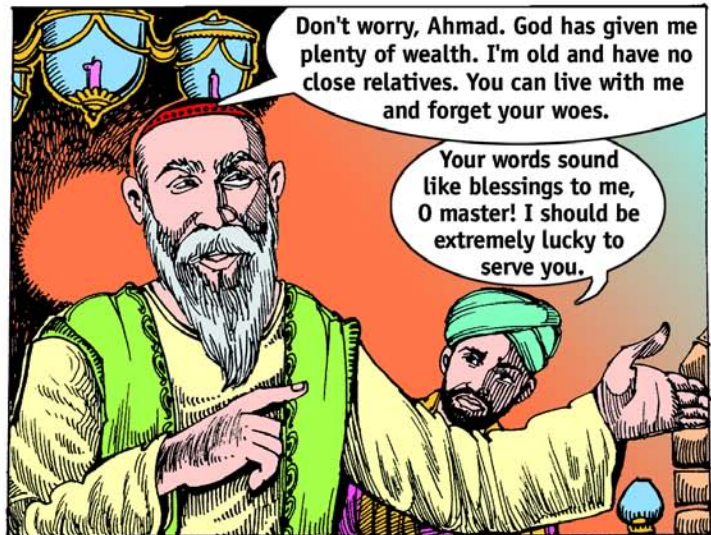
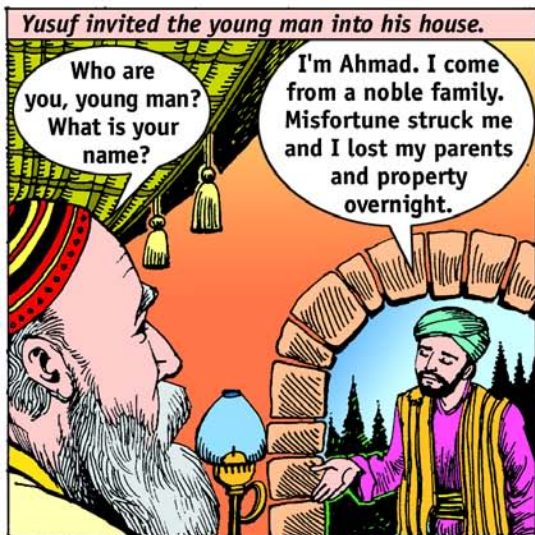
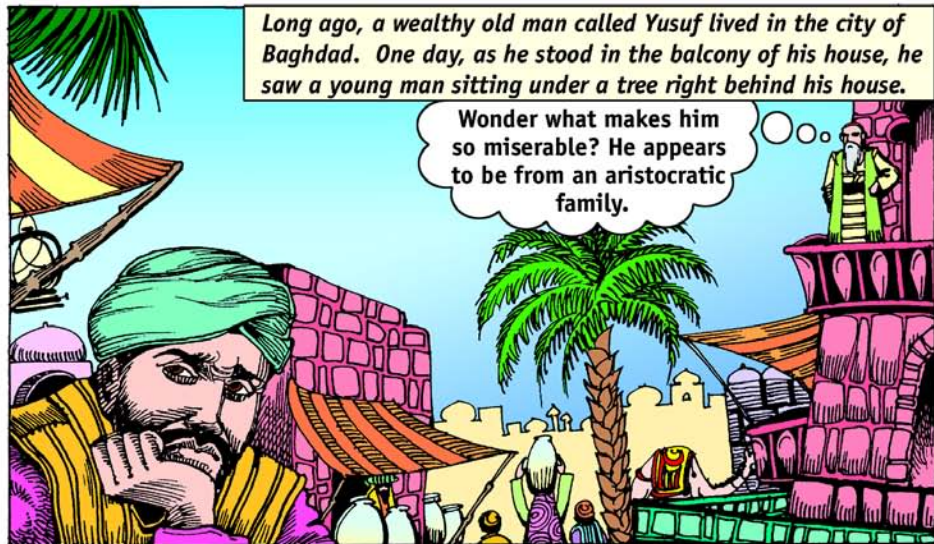
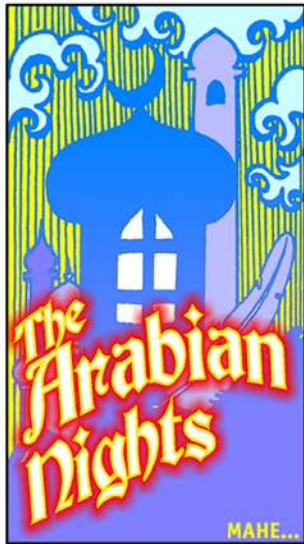
She explains how it is possible. Can you guess how?

*Note: nothing funny like riding on one's back, or throwing away the umbrella. The individuals must use the umbrella to go to and from the house and only two persons can go at a time.*

- By Vidhya Raj  
(Answers on page 64)



# The Arabian Nights : The Forbidden Door



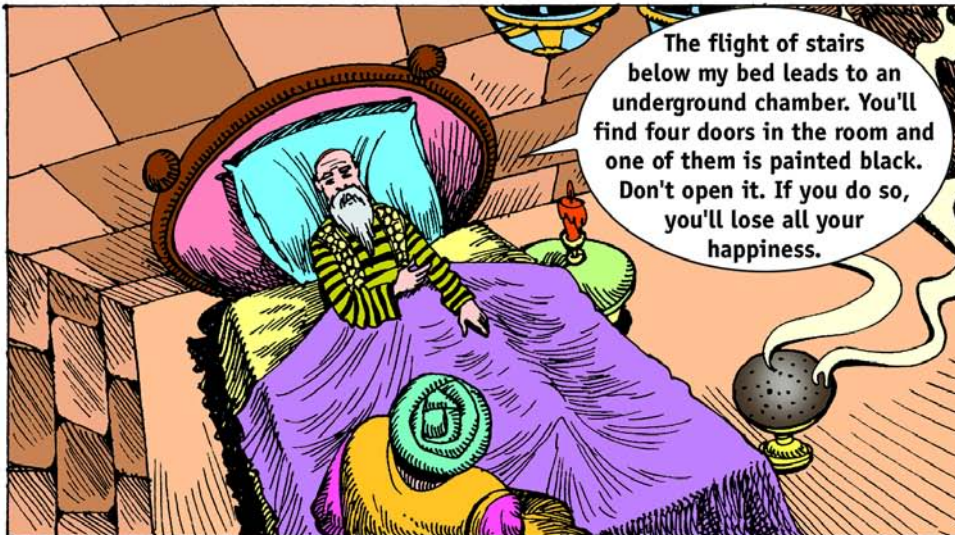
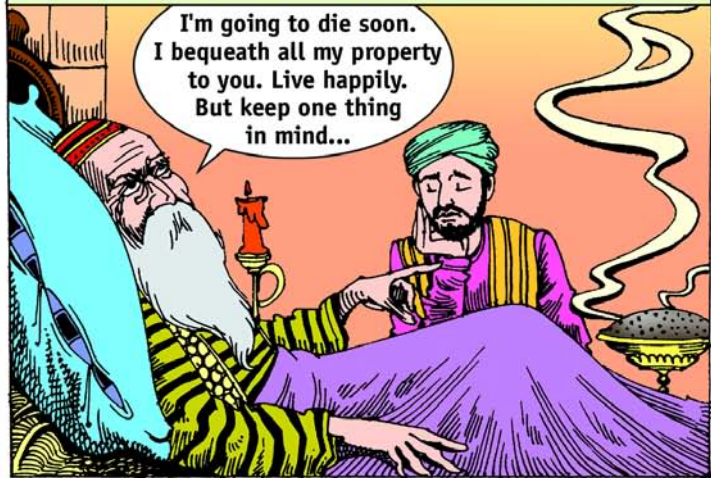


# The Arabian Nights : The Forbidden Door

Ahmad served his master with great love and care. Yusuf was kind and sympathetic towards him.



A year later, Yusuf took ill. Ahmad nursed him with the care of a son. After a few days, Yusuf called Ahmad to his bedside.



Soon Yusuf's voice grew feeble and he breathed his last. Ahmad duly performed the rites for his departed master.



Then, he went to the underground chamber and looked at the doors.



He opened the first of the three doors and entered....



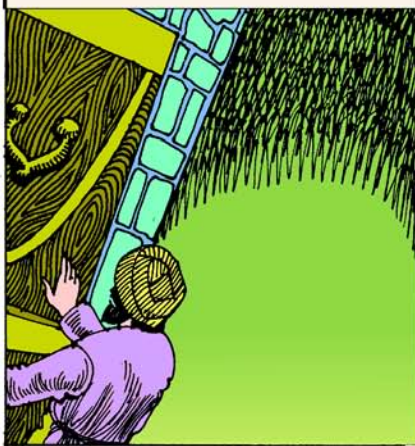
... a room, which was hoarded with the treasures of the world.





# The Arabian Nights : The Forbidden Door

In the next couple of days, he opened the other two doors and found them filled with similar riches.



The following day, he was tempted to open the black door and see what was inside.



Ahmad approached the forbidden door....



...and opened it. He looked curiously at the vast expanse of land before him. It was shrouded in mist. As he cautiously stepped into it, he could hear the roar of the sea at a distance.



But before he could observe anything else, a huge bird swooped down....



...clutched him in its claws and soared into the sky.

It flew across a vast sea and alighted on an island. It put Ahmad down and disappeared behind a hill.



To be continued



## LITTLE KNOWN PLACES OF INDIA

# Bhitarkanika

If you would like to spend your holiday in a different world, away from the maddening crowds and deafening sounds, then head for Bhitarkanika in Orissa. A natural retreat, Bhitarkanika extends over more than 600 sq km and is the second largest compact mangrove ecosystem in India. More than 60 varieties of mangrove plants are found here.

Bhitarkanika is also a sanctuary and national park. It is the home of many rare and endangered species. Over 170 species of resident and migratory birds can be found here.

Rivers bound Bhitarkanika on three sides and the



sea on the fourth. It is criss-crossed by many creeks and canals that finally meet the Bay of Bengal forming an estuarine delta. These meandering creeks form many tiny islands within the delta.

Bhitarkanika is known as a playground of the Bay of Bengal. Every time the tide enters, the entire mangrove forest starts flowing. As the water recedes, one can see the multi-layered mud on the banks of the creek filled with crabs, fish, reptiles, and other sea creatures. It is a wonderful sight to watch.

Another attraction of the place is the Olive ridley turtles. Twice every year lakhs of these turtles come here to lay eggs. Bhitarkanika can be approached only through waterways, and permission has to be obtained to enter it. Motor boats are available on hire.

**How to get there:** Bhitarkanika can be reached from Chandbali (190 km from Bhubaneswar), Rajnagar (30 km from Kendrapara) or Gupti (25 km from Rajnagar).

## Weathering the storm

The rich farmer in his farm was being interviewed for a television channel. The city-bred interviewer spoke to him in his farm, with field and cows in the background. The farmer wanted to show off in front of the camera. "We farmers are clever. We don't need the meteorological office to tell us about the weather. We can just look at our cows and say if it will rain today!"

The interviewer, who had never been in a farm before, was impressed. "Is that so? Can you tell our viewers how you predict weather by looking at the cows?"

The farmer turned and pointed majestically at the cows behind him. "If the cows are lying down," he said, "it's going to be clear. If they are standing up, it will certainly rain very soon!"

The interviewer looked at the cows and became puzzled. "But look at your cows now. Some are standing up, and some are lying down. What does that mean?" he asked.

Prompt came the answer: "That means it may rain or it may not!"



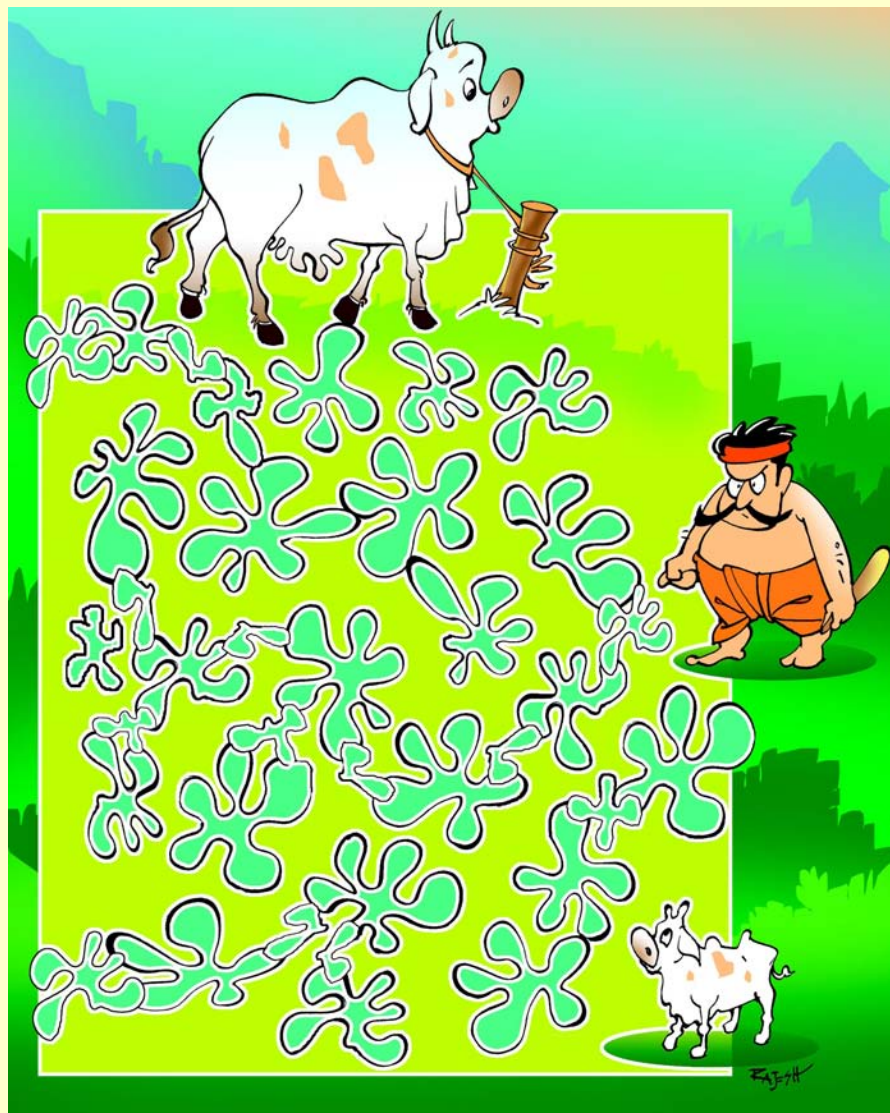


# FUN TIMES

Hi, kids! Here are some fun activities for you. Try your hand at them. Hope you enjoy yourself! To check your answers please turn to pg. 64.

## Mulling Molly

Poor little Molly Calf has lost her way. Her mother is tied to a post at a distance, and can't go to her. Can you help Molly reach her mother safely? Mind you, she must not go near the nasty man with the club. He might hurt her!



## Hide and seek

Hidden in this picture are two faces. Can you find them?







## Jolly Jackie

Jackie is in a very happy mood, playing with his younger brother, Jonty. Why don't you add a splash of colour to brighten up the scene?



## Picture amiss



Something is terribly wrong with this picture. Bhola is wondering what it could be. Help him find the mistake in this picture.

## Concealed Camel

Does this look like a camel resting after a long journey? Look closely, and you will see that there are many animals hidden in it. Can you find the animals which are hidden inside?





# THE AUDACIOUS DAYLIGHT ROBBERY

**L**ong ago, when India consisted of many small kingdoms, among the most prosperous ones of South India was Travancore, in southern Kerala. Its kings, particularly Marthanda Varma, followed a policy of expansion.

Kayamkulam was a small neighbouring kingdom. Its growing prosperity attracted the attention of Marthanda Varma. He decided to annex it. To get more details, he sent one of his trusted courtiers, Ramayyan, in disguise, to spy upon Kayamkulam and find out how it could be won.

Ramayyan found out that Kayamkulam was not being well governed. Not only that, the king was given to certain vices that had ruined both his dynasty and the kingdom. But amazingly, the kingdom seemed to grow more prosperous with every passing day! Puzzled, Ramayyan made detailed enquiries. He found out that the secret of the king's success lay in a tantrik symbol, the *sreechakram*, which his family had possessed for generations. As long as the *sreechakram* was worshipped every day, it was believed that the royal family and the kingdom would neither know misery nor would there be any threat of danger.

When he realised this, Ramayyan resolved to steal the *sreechakram*. But how could he do it? It was kept in the royal temple inside the palace gates and was always closely guarded.

After much thought, Ramayyan hit upon a plan. He disguised himself as a madman and began to loiter near the palace. He would walk around, babbling meaninglessly, but would not harm anyone.

Gradually he gained entry into the palace compound. Once there, he endeared himself to the temple attendants by doing little chores for them. He would turn up, bathed and fresh, early in the morning and help them clean the vessels used for worship and make the garlands. Soon he gained everyone's confidence. Everyone believed that he was just a harmless madman who could be trusted with small jobs.

Then, one day, when the priest cleaned the idols and threw away the flowers used in the previous day's worship, Ramayyan ran there with a basket and began

collecting the withered flowers. He filled the basket and carried it away on his head. On reaching the palace gates, he told the sentries – "Look, I'm taking away the *sreechakram*. Stop me and search if you so wish!"

The sentries instantly fell upon him and rummaged his basket, but found only a large mound of faded flowers. They let him go. He then went and stood in front of the palace and shouted: "Your Majesty, your sentries are traitors! I told them I am taking away your

*sreechakram* – and they are letting me go! If you, too, keep quiet, you will lose the *sreechakram* and all your prosperity with it. There's no point in repenting later!"

The king immediately ordered his guards to stop the madman and search him. When nothing was found, they too let him go. Ramayyan began to play this prank every day. He would stand in front of the palace and shout that he was taking the *sreechakram*. On the first few days when he did so, the guards religiously searched his basket. But when they found only flowers inside, they concluded





that this was just another prank of the madman. Thereafter, no one took any notice of the madman when he left the temple each morning with his basket. At times, when he called out his usual warning, the guards would even reply in jest – “Go ahead! We don’t need the *sreechakram* here!” Soon the whole thing became a big joke.

Six months passed. One day Ramayyan found his chance when the priest had stepped outside the *sanctum sanctorum* for a few minutes. He quickly grabbed the prized *sreechakram* and put it inside his basket. Then, concealing it under a huge pile of faded flowers, he marched out of the temple.

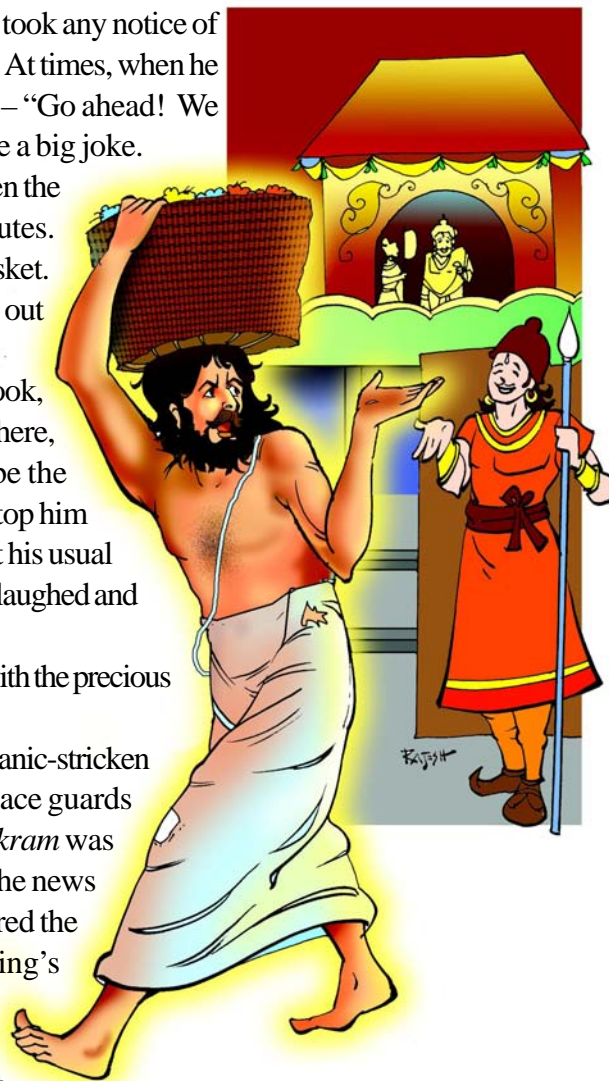
On reaching the palace gates as usual, he told the sentries, “Look, I’m taking the *sreechakram*. This time it is no joke – in truth it is there, inside my basket!” But the sentries only laughed, taking it to be the madman’s usual ravings, and said, “Take it!” They did not try to stop him or search his basket. He then went up to the palace and shouted out his usual warning that he was taking the *sreechakram*. But the king, too, only laughed and did not stop him.

Thus, unchallenged, Ramayyan walked out of the king’s palace with the precious *sreechakram*.

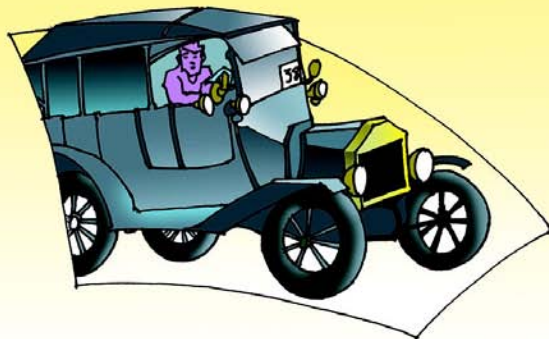
When the time came for the daily ritual worship, the priest was panic-stricken to find the *sreechakram* missing! He raised an alarm and the palace guards came running. Everyone searched high and low, but the *sreechakram* was nowhere to be found. There was pandemonium. The king took the news with great consternation. Suddenly he and a few others remembered the ‘madman’ and realised that only he could have stolen it. The king’s soldiers ran in all directions in search of him. But they were too late. Ramayyan had already fled the kingdom with the *sreechakram*. The King of Kayamkulam tried very hard to recover the lost *sreechakram*, but in vain. There was no clue about the mysterious madman or his whereabouts. Now the king repented his earlier carelessness, but it was too late.

Soon afterwards, Kayamkulam fell to Travancore in battle. Maybe it was because the kingdom was no longer being protected by the *sreechakram*. It might also be because the king and his troops were demoralised over its loss – we shall never know! Anyway, legend has it that the famous *sreechakram* is still there in the temple of the royal palace in Trivandrum, the capital of the erstwhile Travancore state.

- By Rajee Raman



## The world's first cars

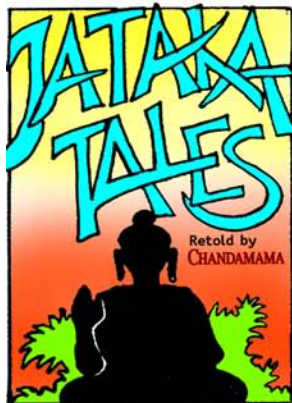


Love cars? You must thank Henry Ford of America for being the first to make them. The first car he designed and made ran in 1896. And by 1903, he was ready to begin the manufacture of cars. In 1907, the production of the Model T cars started – and this was the first ever instance of mass production anywhere in the world.

In 1909, more than 12,000 cars rolled out of the Ford factory, and the number increased to 19,293 in 1910 and 1,000,000 in 1915. The price of cars then dropped from 950 dollars a car to 290 dollars in 1926!



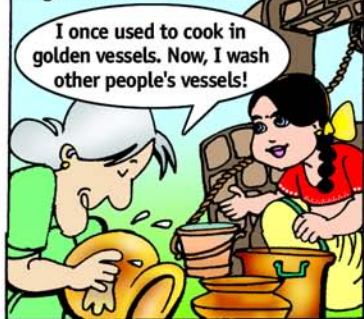
# Jataka Tales : The Greedy Potseller



Young Nayana and her grandmother lived in a village near Benares. The girl's parents and other family members had died in a mishap.



Nayana and her grandmother made a living by working in the neighbourhood houses.



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One day, a hawker called Bisnu came along. He carried a basket full of beautiful pans and pots.



Granny, Let's have a new cooking pot.



Nayana took a look at the things in their house.



Bisnu came up to them. Nayana picked up a pretty little pan from his basket.



He scratched its surface with a needle.



The two of them don't seem to know it. If I'm lucky I'll get this without giving anything in return!



Bisnu threw the pot back into the hut.



He thought they might now want to exchange the old pot for something smaller than the pan they had chosen, or maybe even give it to him free.



We've nothing else to give away and there's nothing else that we want.

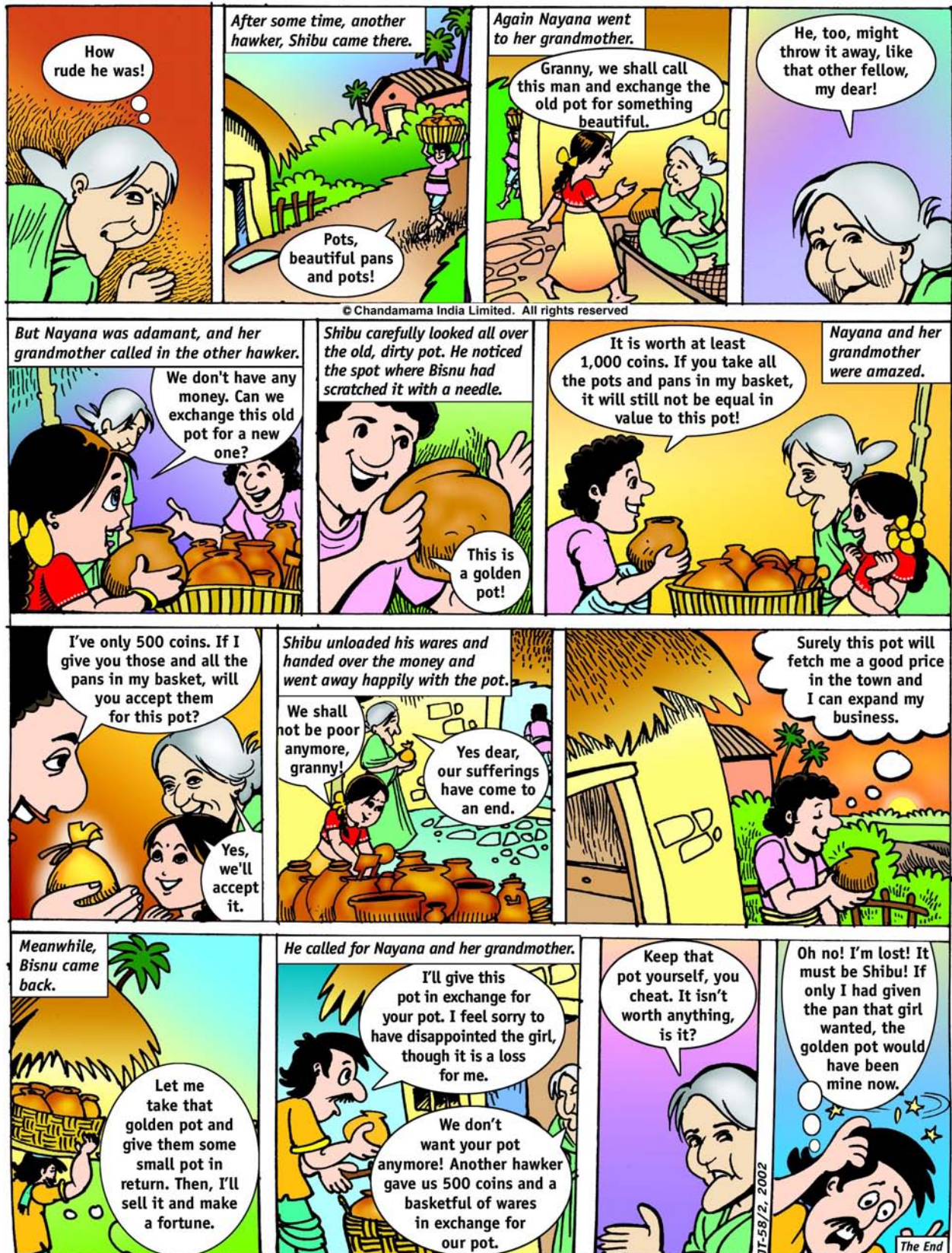


I'll go back later and offer something smaller than the pan they asked for. Surely, nobody will recognize that pot as golden and take it in the next hour or so!



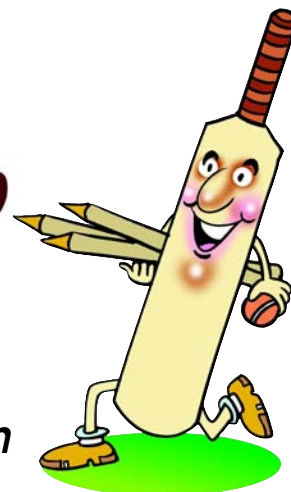


# Jataka Tales : The Greedy Potseller





# On to World Cup



*By the time this issue reaches you, and if you are a cricket player or fan, you will be counting the days for the first ball to be bowled in the first match of the eighth World Cup to be held in South Africa.*

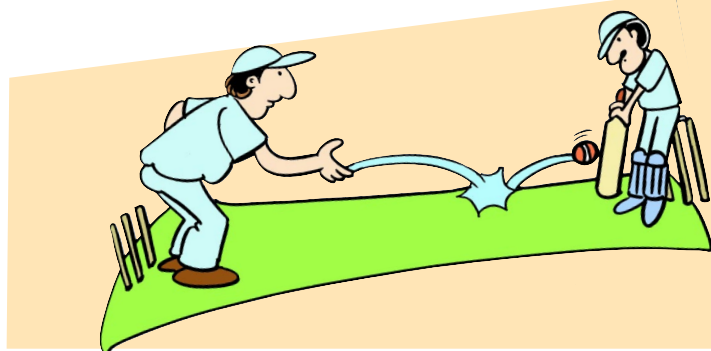


The first World Cup was held in 1975. The winners of the first and second World Cup (1979) were West Indies led by Clive Lloyd. Kapil Dev was the captain of the winning Indian team in 1983. In 1987, Allan Border led Australia to victory, and in 1992, Pakistan led by Imran Khan were the victors. The sixth World Cup (1996) was won by Sri Lanka. Australia won the seventh World Cup held in 1999.

The 2003 World Cup matches will be played from February 9 to March 23. This magazine will keep track of the progress and give you some highlights in the next few issues. Meanwhile, wouldn't you be interested to know about how the game grew and became a popular sport?

## Creag and crickett

Cricket had its origin in England, where this 'grand old game' has been played for centuries. An English poet of the 12th century describes the game as "one man throwing a ball at two sticks, while another one tries to prevent him from hitting them". A 1272 record makes mention of a son of King Edward I playing 'creag'. Three centuries later, in 1598, a Coroner of Surrey was summoned for duty while he was playing "crickett". The first match ever recorded was played in 1744 between an all-England team and Kent County, with the former scoring 53 runs and the latter winning with a score of 58.



## 'Hole'some run

The batsman was expected to move between two holes made within the two stumps at either end.

He could be "run out" by a fielder by putting the ball into either of the holes before the batsman was back in position. For a long time, bowling was underhand.



## Choice of bat

Ideally, a man of average height—say 5ft 6/7 inches — will find it comfortable to handle a bat 2ft 11 inches long and about 2.4 lb heavy. A school boy between 5ft 3 and 5ft 5 inches can easily bat with one, 2ft 9 inches long and weighing 2.2 lb.

## From sticks to stumps

The “sticks” of the 12th century gave way to “stumps”. Originally, there were only two stumps, 12 inches (30.5cm) high and 24 inches apart, which allowed the ball to go through.



If that happened, the batsman was reckoned as not out.

The distance between the stumps was later on reduced; and a stump was laid across them. This was before bails were introduced.

## Rising from the Ashes

When Australia beat England at the Oval in 1882, an “obituary” appeared in the *Sporting Times*, London, the next day. The legend read: *“In affectionate remembrance of English Cricket, which died at the Oval, August 29, 1882, deeply lamented by a large circle of sorrowing friends and acquaintances. R.I.P.”*

*N.B. :- The body will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia!”*

## Famous venues

Lord's is the home of the MCC, which was founded in 1788. The founder was Thomas Lord. The Oval was opened as a cricket ground in 1846. It was originally a park owned by Sir Noel Caron, who was the Dutch ambassador to England in the 17th century.

## Enter Kerry Packer

In 1977, the Australian tycoon Kerry Packer came on the scene by signing up most of the world's greatest players and holding a series of show matches—both on Test lines and at limited overs level— in Australia.



Next year the England team won a Test series in Australia. Some women, after the last Test, burnt one of the bails, placed its ashes in a small urn, and presented it to the England captain Ivo Bligh.

The urn with the ashes was handed to the Marylebone Cricket Club (MCC) and is now kept permanently at Lord's. So, whenever England and Australia play Test matches, it is always a ‘fight’ for the Ashes.





***Don Bradman***

## Double and triple hundreds

Arthur Edward Fagg, playing for Kent against Essex in 1938, scored 244 in the first innings and 202 (n.o.) in the second innings. He is the only player to score double hundreds in both innings.

Graham Alan Gooch (England), playing against India at Lord's in 1990, scored 331 in the first innings and 123 in the second—the only batsman to do so.

The legendary Don Bradman has to his credit as many as 37 double hundreds made between 1927 and 1949—a record not surpassed till today.

## World Cups till now

Both in 1975 and 1979, Clive Lloyd's West Indies team won each and every match that they played in the tournament. This success march was halted in 1983 by Kapil Dev's team, who came to be called "Kapil's Devils". A highlight of this tournament was a stupendous knock of 175 runs made by the captain himself in a league match against Zimbabwe. India was at one stage 17 for 5 wickets, but Kapil Dev came to the rescue.

In 1987, Australia won in 7 out of the 8 league matches and went in for a sensational 7 run win over England in the final. The fifth World Cup was won by Pakistan which lost the first three matches. Then came five victories in succession, two over New Zealand. In the final against England, captain Imran Khan took the last wicket of Richard Illingworth to register a win.

The sixth World Cup was won by Sri Lanka. In all the earlier World Cups, the victors had batted first. Though Sri Lanka won the toss, surprisingly it sent in Australia to bat. This was also the first time the host country had won the World Cup. Sri Lanka had India and Pakistan as co-hosts.

The last World Cup in 1999 was won by Australia, who won by 8 wickets after bundling out Pakistan for a paltry 132 runs. The final was played at Lord's.



***Clive Lloyd***



***Kapil Dev***



***Steve Waugh***



***Arjuna Ranatunga***



***Imran Khan***



***Allan Border***





SPECIALLY  
DESIGNED FOR  
CHILDREN BELOW  
9 YEARS

Dear parents and teachers,

Encouraged by your enthusiastic response to our 8-page pullout JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA in this magazine since May 2002, we have felt emboldened to introduce JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA as an entirely separate magazine for your tiny tots.

From April 2003 onwards, JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA will entertain your tiny tots month after month with many pages of fun and learning.

This magazine will present a package of contests, activities, and puzzles specially designed for children up to the age of 9. The features have been carefully graded so that there is enough in the magazine to sustain the varied interests of the four, six, and the nine year olds.

The magazine will endeavour to impart both global and traditional Indian values to children through little stories and activities. We hope to inculcate a love for nature in them and a keen pride in Indian heritage.

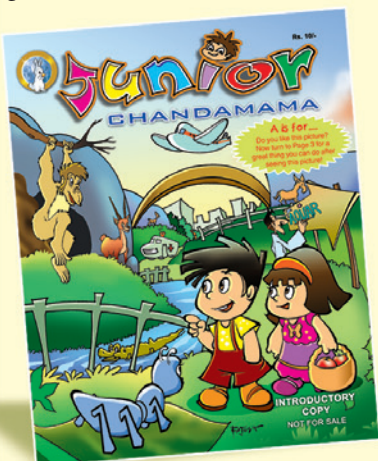
At Rs. 10 per copy, and an annual subscription at Rs. 120, JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA promises to be easy on your monthly budgets, too!

For those of our regular readers and subscribers who may be interested in subscribing to this magazine, we have designed some fabulous introductory offers:

a Special Bulk subscription offer for crèches, playschools, and Montessori and a Pre Launch subscription offer for individual subscriptions.

Yours sincerely,

*B. Visweswaran*  
Publisher



*I would like to see a free sample copy of the introductory issue of **JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA**.*

Name and Address : .....

Phone Number : ..... Email id : .....

Child's name : ..... Age : .....

Name of school/playschool/crèche the child attends ( if any) : .....

My subscription number (if a subscriber of Chandamama) : .....

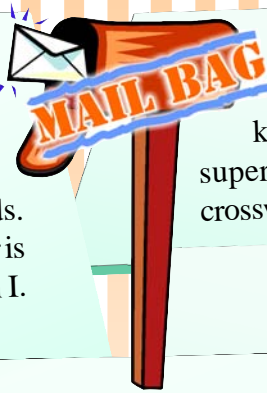
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For more details of the special offers and for a free sample copy of the introductory issue of JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA, please fill in the details on the coupon given above and send it to Chandamama India Limited, 82 Defence Officers' Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai- 600097, before February 28.



E-mail from **Preeti Madipalli** :

I have been a regular reader of *Chandamama*. It is very attractive. Please include e-friends column, so that we are able to make new e-mail friends. You will be happy to know that my father is even more fond of your magazine than I. Keep it up.



**B. Govind** writes from Mumbai :

The December issue was superb. All kudos to *Chandamama* for publishing such a superb, illustrious magazine. Please publish crosswords every month.

**Anant Shankar Jadhav** of Pune writes :

I would request you to resume your series on Unsolved Mysteries, and to include interesting stories of mental thinking.

From Mysore writes **Dr. Harish V. Kulkarni** :

I enjoy reading *Chandamama*, especially the Vikram-Vetala stories. I request you to bring out a collection of these stories in book form. Wonder whether you already have published such a book and I have failed to notice it. A proposal to bring out a set of *Vikram-Vetala Tales* is very much under consideration. A collection of *Chandamama's* popular animal stories, "Jungle Jingles," is already in the market. These five books are being printed and distributed by Popular Prakashan, Mumbai. - Editor

This came from **Raghu, Mumbai** : Please publish stories from the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*. Also more moral stories. I like to read The Story of Ganesa, Vikram-Vetala stories, and Garuda.

## FUN TIMES

### Answers



**Mulling Molly**

**Concealed Camel**



**Picture amiss**

The deer has five legs.



**Hide and seek**

## PUZZLE DAZZLE

### Smart little girl

Leena is a smart little girl. She loves to play outdoor games. One day, as she was playing with her friends, she fell down and hurt herself. Her mother came running to help her. Leena made a hue and cry, and started crying loudly. Her mother took her to the hospital. The doctor examined her thoroughly. He told the nurse to clean and bandage the wound. He applied an ointment and gave her an injection. Leena did not stop crying. She wailed and wailed.

The doctor gave her some chocolates. He also gave her a comic book. Leena's mother, bought her ice-cream and pizza on the way back home. The next day, Leena went to school and told her friends all that had happened. She said proudly, "It did not hurt much. But I cried and cried. My mother instead of scolding me, bought me ice-cream and pizza. I also got a gift from the doctor. See how I made the most of the situation."

### Fascinating 8's

$$888+88+8+8+8 = 1000$$

$$8888/8.888 = 1000$$

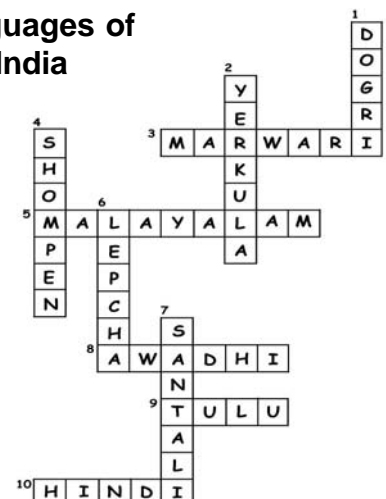
### Umbrella for all

There are two possible answers. Both of them are more or less similar.

**Method 1:** First Rahul and Nita walk together to the house (2 minutes). Rahul returns (1 minute). Sid and Anjali walk to the house (10 minutes). Nita returns with the umbrella (2 minutes). Rahul and Nita then walk to the house again (2 minutes).

**Method 2:** Rahul and Nita walk together to the house (2 minutes). Nita returns (2 minutes). Sid and Anjali walk to the house (10 minutes). Rahul returns with the umbrella (1 minute). Rahul and Nita then walk back to the house (2 minutes).

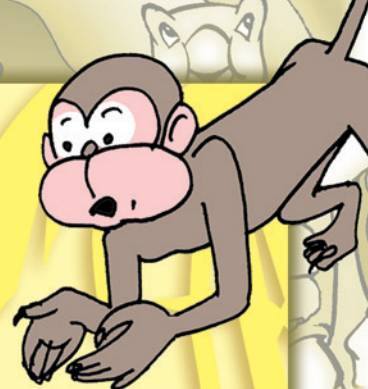
### Languages of India







Good news  
for young  
bookworms!



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**Listen hard and look keenly.**

**D'you hear the jingle of the jungle?**

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- only early  
birds catch  
the worm!



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with the whackiest and most  
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*Click  
a caption*

## PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

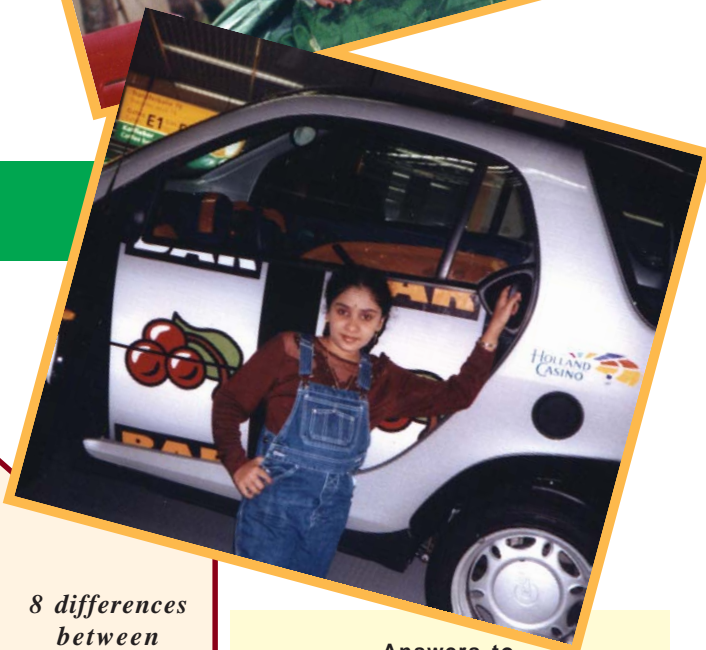
***Can you write a caption in  
a few words, to suit these  
pictures related to each other?***

You may write it on a post card and mail it to:

***Photo Caption Contest, CHANDAMAMA  
(at the address given below)***

to reach us before the 20th of the current month.

A reward of Rs. 100/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.



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### ***Winning Entry***

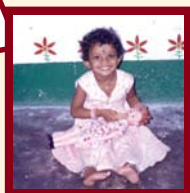
***“A Motherly Pat”  
“A Brotherly Chat”***

### ***Congratulations!***

**The Prize for the  
December 2002  
contest goes to**

**KALYANISRI**

New 16 (Old 17)  
Balakrishna Road  
Mylapore  
Chennai - 600 004.



### ***8 differences between pictures***

1. Bird's beak;
2. Number of fruits on tree;
3. Fruit fallen on the plant;
4. Number of bars on fence;
5. Design of window;
6. Spelling of ICE;
7. Number of children on train;
8. Bird's wing

### **Answers to December Brains and Books Quiz**

1. 1919, 2. Rajasthan (after Chattisgarh was carved out from Madhya Pradesh), 3. Fathima Beevi (who was later Governor of Tamil Nadu), 4. Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, along with Shri. C. Rajagopalachari and Prof. C.V. Raman, in 1954, 5. Chattisgarh, Raipur, 6. Lord Hardinge, 7. True, 8. Kurnool, 9. Mohammed Azharuddin, 10. Sunderlal Bahuguna.

The last of the Brains and Books Quiz brought in a large number of entries, of which five were all correct ones. They were received on two days, and they have qualified for the prize—one of Chandamama's publications. The winners are : D. Harsh (11 yrs), Guntakal; G. Deepti Priyanka (11), Kakinada; Simanta Gandhi Biswal (15), Durgapur; G. Tarun Kumar (6), Hyderabad, and Abhishek Agarwal (11), Agra. **Congratulations!**



# CHANDAMAMA GOES PLACES!



Some years begin on a brisk and bright note. For us at *Chandamama*, 2003 promises to be one such. We wish to share the good news with our readers.

The first month of the year has seen us breaking new grounds. *Chandamama's* Tamil edition, *Ambulimama*, now has an overseas edition. It is a bilingual with contents in both Tamil and English. This edition was released on January 16 in Singapore.

Attracted by the rich fare in *Chandamama*, Popular Prakashan, a well-known publishing house in Mumbai, has come forward to publish a collection of stories that have appeared in *Chandamama* during the past five decades. Five companion volumes titled *Jungle Jingles* are already in the market and going round the Book Fairs all over India. Many more such children's books are in the pipeline.

*Chandamama* is planning to bring out a separate 40-page magazine specially for the tiny tots. Called *Junior Chandamama*, it will hit the news stands in April. The monthly magazine in full colour will be activity-oriented and full of fun and games. An introductory issue is even now doing the rounds of Book Fairs and book shops. More details about this new magazine appear elsewhere in this issue.

## JUNGLE JINGLES



*Doesn't this news excite you?*





You look  
so cool,  
brother!



**Nutrine**  
*Nature*  
Real Fruit Bars

Real fruit in a cool avatar!

APPLE | PINEAPPLE | MANGO